McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. | SMETHP[illegible] THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1905. | NO. 50

State Library 1905

ROY BARBOR MURDERED AT NEW CASTLE.

Former Smethport Young Man Killed By His Brother-in-Law.

ASSASSIN HAS MADE HIS ESCAPE.

Thomas Toole Shoots Him in Cold Blood Yesterday Morning—Was Result of Family Trouble—Mr. Barbor was a Highly Respected Young Man.

News reached here yesterday morning that Roy Barbor, aged 23 years, a former resident of this place, had been shot and instantly killed at his boarding house in New Castle. The awful affair occurred at 2 o'clock that morning and the shooting was done by his brother-in-law, Thomas Toole.

Toole is the husband of Mr. Barbor's sister and the trouble which led up to the shooting was over family matters. At about 2 o'clock Toole came to his victim's boarding house and after being admitted went to his door and rapped. Mr. Barbor answered the summons but when he saw who was at the door he said he would not discuss that matter with him then and turned to go back in his room. As he turned, Toole pulled a revolver and shot him in the back. He fell to the floor and as he was lying there the assassin shot his victim three times more. He then rushed out of the house and made his escape before the police arrived.

Several policemen were soon on the scene but up until 8 o'clock yesterday morning no trace of him had been found but the police are on his track and if he has not already been captured it will only be a matter of a short time before he is caught.

The family trouble spoken of above as we have been informed, seems to be as follows: For some time past Toole has been drinking heavily and had neglected to support his wife and children to such an extent that Mrs. Toole was forced to leave him and had gone to Cleveland to live with her father. Toole did not know her whereabouts and attempted to get the information from her brother. This Mr. Barbor repeatedly refused to divulge but said that as soon as he showed signs of acting as he should she would come back to him. It is supposed that Toole went to see Mr. Barbor on the night of the murder with the intention of forcing him to tell where his sister was, and when he refused to talk to him he became so enraged that he committed the awful deed.

Roy Barbor came to Smethport soon after the window glass factories started operations and resided here for about three years. During this time he made a great many friends who will unite with his relatives in mourning his untimely death. He was a young man of exceptionally good character and possessed those sterling qualities which made him friends wherever he went.

He was a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barbor and a nephew of Mrs. Thomas Camp, Mrs. John Walker and Harry Barbor, all of this place.

Accidentally Shot.

William Anderson, an old resident of Morrisons, was fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun at his home in that place last Thursday.

There are many conflicting reports as to how the accident happened but Sheriff Chas. E. Mays, who was over there at the time, informed the writer that Mr. Anderson had taken the gun down and laid it on a table and crossed the room to get some cartridges when one of Mr. Anderson's children tried to raise the hammar, which slipped out of his fingers and discharged the gun.

The charge entered his leg near the groin and death resulted in a few hours, although every effort was made to save his life.

Automobile Tire Invented.

J. C. Backus has filed an application for a patent on a new automobile tire, which, if it meets with the success he anticipates, will revolutionize the making of automobile tires and completely do away with the use of rubber in their construction.

Mr. Backus has given the writer a description of his new tire, but, as he did not have his drawings to illustrate this description, we will not attempt to describe it at the present time. He says the tire is made entirely of metal but is just as elastic and easy riding as the present rubber pneumatic tire and is a great deal more durable.

Diamonds.

Make your selection early. We have the stock and the prices are right.

PRELL, Bradford, Pa.

These cold nights are just the time your horse needs a stable blanket. Ask your horse then see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Glass Situation May Improve.

A dispatch from Cleveland, dated Dec. 12, says: At the meeting to-day of the wage committee of the Amalgamated Association of Window Glass Workers of America, and of the organization of the independent manufacturers, a proposition was submitted to the latter, which the manufacturers' wage committee thinks will afford relief from the demoralized condition of the window glass industry throughout the United States. The proposition will not be made public until it is presented to a meeting of the independent manufacturers of the country to be held on Jan. 3, 1906. It is expected, however, from the fact that the committee from the manufacturers' organization is impressed with the proposition, that the price of window glass will be stiffened.

The matter of working out the details of the plan has been left to a committee composed of three of the manufacturers and three of the workers. Although the meeting was called for the purpose of discussing a revision of the wage scale, no action on that proposition was taken.

"There was no action in reference to the revision of the wage scale of the workers," said President Faulkner after the meeting.

"The manufacturers will go on the same as before until the meeting to be held in Pittsburg in January."

The manufacturers were represented at the meeting to-day by H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany, Felix Steinberger of Bradford, H. H. Chyson of Kane, B. N. McCoy, Mt. Jewett; Frank Baston, Vincennes, Ind.; G. W. Moreus, Kane; John Reynolds, Clarksville, W. Va.; J. R. Smalley, Sandusky, O., and Thomas Camp of Smethport.

Pomona Grange Meeting.

The regular meeting of the McKean County Grange, No. 53, P. of H., was held at Port Allegany on Wednesday, Dec. 6. Eighty-one members were present. The McKean County Pomona Grange has a membership of 190. The subordinate granges have a membership of 871, divided as follows: Eldred, 180; Liberty, 146; Coryville, 129; Fidelity, 117; Ceres, 104; Turtle Point, 86; Valley, 77, and Leafy Dale, 32.

An open session of one hour was held during the literary exercises, representatives of the Argus and Reporter were present, and several others not members of the Grange. Some very good remarks were made on farming and the Grange; also on advancement of agriculture in McKean county in the past ten years.

A resolution was passed asking for legislation in favor of the Potter County Agricultural and Cheese Makers' Association.

W. E. Sawyer of Liberty Grange was recommended to the State Grange as deputy for McKean county next term.

The committee on Grange insurance was not ready to report and was continued until next meeting.

L. W. Howden of Coryville Grange was elected to represent McKean county at the next meeting of State Grange.

A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. Hilton of Port Allegany, Mr. Smith of Olean and Mr. Gallup of Smethport for assisting at the grange picnic.

The next meeting will be held in Ceres the first Wednesday in February, 1906.

JAMES QUIRK, Secy.
Smethport, Pa.

Six Children Cremated.

A DuBois dispatch, dated Dec. 12, says: Six children were burned to death at Lindsey, near Punxsutawney, at an early hour to-day, and William Morgan and wife, the parents, with their two remaining children, barely escaped with their lives. The names of those burned to death are:

Thomas, aged 11; Pearl, aged 8; Grace and Ethel, aged 3; Rachel, aged 19 months, and an infant aged 3 months. Both the father and mother were badly burned in attempts to save their little ones from their burning home. The mother threw two of the children from an upstairs window thereby saving their lives, and jumped herself as the roof fell in. She was badly burned and will probably lose one foot as a result of her injuries.

The father is also badly burned about the hands and face but not seriously.

The fire was discovered by a neighbor, who hastened to the burning house and aroused the sleeping inmates. At the time the whole roof and rear of the house were burning. The fire originated from a stove in a small outbuilding adjoining the home of the family.

Morgan came to Lindsey from West Virginia only a short time ago. He is a miner and is left destitute. Subscriptions have been started at Punxsutawney and in this city to raise a fund for the unfortunate.

Watches.

At popular prices, all goods, all makes, all sizes. Comes and look.

PRELL, Bradford.

"Cork Carpet" for your office or den; or for your kitchen, ask at Lindholm's.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Go to J. C. Hamlin's for hand sleds and skates.

THE BASE BALL and FOOT BALL GIRLS in "SIMPLE SIMON SIMPLE," SMETHPORT LYCEUM, DEC. 18.

McKEAN COUNTY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old, as Gleaned from the Files.

The B. B. & K. R. R. [illegible] B. & K. R. R. arrived in Smethport from Bradford at 1 o'clock to-day (Dec. 10, 1880) and among the passengers we noticed J. J. Carter, Bradford, president of the B., B. & K. R. R. Hon. W. W. Brown, Bradford, attorney for the B., B. & K. R. R.; F. S. Hyde, Bradford, Hon. James Brodrick, Bradford, Gen. A. L. Wilcox, Kendall, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, New York, Harry Sweetser, Corry, J. W. Humphrey, Bradford, and others.

The first carload of freight that went over the road was received by Ed Schenck of the Emmett House to-day.

Hiram Bush, an old resident of this community and a prominent lumberman, died at his home on Mechanic street on Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1880, and was buried Thursday; services being held at the late residence of the deceased by Rev. Wilbur, pastor of the Baptist church of this place. Mr. Bush was an old resident of this vicinity and as a business man was more than ordinarily successful.

Provin–Sloan.—December 15, 1880, at the residence of Mrs. C. C. Sloan, by Rev. W. C. Wiltse, Mr. James Duello Provin to Miss Allie J. Sloan, all of Farmers Valley, Pa.

McCoy–Marchon.—At the M. E. parsonage, Jan. 2, 1881, Mr. C. W. McCoy of Bradford, Pa., to Miss Ella Marchon of Rew City, Pa.

Monroe–Shunk.—At the M. E. parsonage, Jan. 2, 1881, Mr. Horace Monroe to Miss A. L. Shunk, all of Sawyer City.

Josephson–Sandstrum.—At the Baptist parsonage, Dec. 27, 1880, by Rev. W. C. Wiltse, Mr. Albert Josephson to Miss Sophia Sandstrum, all of Clermont, Pa.

Ramer–Lambert.—In Smethport, Dec. 23, 1880, at the residence of the officiating justice, Gr. M. Smith, Esq., Mrs. N. Ramer and Miss Jennie J. Lambert, all of Smethport.

Davey.—At Cobeyrere, Pa., on Monday, Jan. 24, 1881, Myrtle E., infant daughter of C. A. and Jennie L. Davey, aged 7 weeks and 1 day. Services by W. C. Wiltse.

The Bradford Era of Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1881, says: Edna M., the interesting little daughter of Homer and Helen Cheney, died at their residence on Tibbitts avenue yesterday, aged two years and five days. The remains will be taken to Ellicottville, N. Y., to-day for burial. Mrs. Cheney is a niece of Dr. W. Y. McCoy of Smethport.

Wednesday morning, Jan. 26, 1881, between the hours of twelve and one, a man was run over by train 16 as it was approaching the depot in this village. The scene of the accident was about twenty-five rods below the depot on the main track. Upon investigation the unfortunate man proved to be a Swede named Chas. Ryberg, about thirty or thirty-five years of age, and had recently been employed by the railroad company as a section hand, and had resided in this part of the country some five years. The remains presented a shocking sight. Both legs were torn from the body, one arm was hanging to the trunk only by a few shreds, the body was cut in twain and there were frightful gashes on the head. The snow where the body lay and along where it had been dragged by the cars were bespattered with blood, and the entrails were scattered along the entire distance. The body and fragments were gathered together, taken to the freight depot, covered with a sheet and in the afternoon an inquest was held by P. A. McDonald, assisted by the following jurors: C. W. Hooker, Frank D. Sinnay, L. H. Dolley, C. L. Blackman, B. C. Gallup and C. A. Lavrabee.

The testimony before the jury elicited the fact that the deceased had, on relatives in this country, that in company with some of his countrymen he had been drinking quite freely the evening previous to the accident and in going to his boarding house had fallen upon the track which accounts for a peculiar wound in the head, and being unable to get up was run over by the train. In the trunk of the deceased was found a silver watch, $13 in money, clothing, etc., in all property amounting to $54.10. A bank book of the Harlem, N. Y., Savings Bank was found in which he had a credit balance of $16.40. These effects are in the possession of Justice McDonald and will be disposed of as the law directs.

The jury which was summoned by the justice in the absence of the coroner whose services could not be brought into requisition, recorded a verdict in accordance with the facts. At the request of the jury a post mortem examination on the remains were made by Dr. Hogarth, whose opinion coincided with the verdict rendered.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Rice–Strong.—At the residence of Mr. H. Plummer, in Keating township, McKean county, Pa., on Jan. 23, 1881, by Rev. A. Branson, Mr. N. Rice of Keating township, and Miss Mary E. Strong of Pine, Clinton county, Pa.

Killed by the Cars.

Hugh D. Lamb, a brakeman on the Valley railroad, was caught between a couple of cars at Westline Tuesday and crushed in such a manner as to cause death.

The train on which the unfortunate man was working had placed a car of lumber on a siding, after which the question of its clearing trains on the main track was raised, and it was decided to move the car further along. It was not necessary that the cars be coupled for the work, but Lamb, unfortunately gathered another impression and although called to in warning, stepped between the car of lumber and a passenger coach to make the coupling. The siding being sharply curved there was but a few inches of space left, and he was caught across the chest, when released he tottered a couple of steps, fell over, and within twenty minutes passed away.

The deceased was 22 years of age and is survived by his wife and one child, his parents, who reside at Townville, Pa., and one brother, C. D. Lamb, of Kushequa.

Hugh Lamb had managed the general store of Elisha K. Kane at Westline for several years, and held the commission as postmaster at the present time. In his dealings with his fellows he had so conducted himself as to win their universal respect.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Young Woman's Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. W. A. Harris this evening. The Junior League will meet Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. On Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on the theme "Lessons with God." Sunday evening topic "The Prodigal's Brother." Saturday evening, Dec. 23, there will be a supper and Christmas tree for the Sunday school in the Chapel and on Sunday evening a Christmas concert.

Parker's Lucky Curve Pen with written guarantee is one of the finest Xmas presents. McCoy's Drug Store.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

Criminal court convened Monday with Judge Bouton on the bench. The business on hand for transaction is light. S. H. Cook of Bradford was appointed foreman of the grand jury and that body completed its duties and was discharged Tuesday afternoon. Judge Bouton in his instructions to the grand jury referred to the use of gambling devices in disposing of cigars. The slot machines are the same as lotteries and therefore illegal. Fortune telling machines are of the same character. Persons conducting such lotteries should be indicted.

James Scott, a colored man, was charged with having received stolen goods. Clarence Showers, an inmate of the Huntingdon reformatory was the principal witness against him. Scott was discharged.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Frank Datello, charged with unlawfully attempting to carve a resident of the county, indictment was quashed.

In the case of Dominic Fingo, charged with assault, at Clermont, the defendant was found not guilty.

The jury in the case of Rocco Trippo, who is charged with feloniously cutting a fellow countryman, had not returned a verdict at noon to-day.

The evidence in a nuisance case charging Daniels & Roedell of Foster township of maintaining hogs in a manner contrary to law, reached the jury at noon to-day.

"Simple Simon Simple."

The big laughing hit of the season, "Simple Simon Simple," will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum on Monday night, Dec. 18.

Every man, woman and child has read of Simple Simon in the old Mother Goose jingles, but in this case the authors have gone several steps farther and made Simon a thoroughly modern boy, simple in respect to his townspeople, but in reality as wise as a serpent. Simon and Mose, his diminutive colored companion, have set the burg of Simpleville by the ears by their pranks and strenuous measures have been adopted to get him out of town. Simon is adamant to all entreaties, threats and blandishments until a country circus appears on the scene. The proprietor Sig Sautelle needs another all around performer, and Simon is at last enticed to leave home and mother. All goes well with the plotters until the moment of Simon's debut with the circus when he fools them all by appearing in modern attire and announces that Simpleville is circus enough for him after all and that he has concluded to stay at home with "Paw" and "Maw."

"Simple Simon Simple" combines all of the attractions of opera, pantomime, farce, vaudeville and drama by reason of its clever treatment. There is plenty of really good music for the musicians, fun for the fun lovers and dancing for the admirers of spectacle and ballet.

A Superb Production.

"The Holy City" was presented before a fair sized audience at the Lyceum last evening by Gordon & Bennett's strong and capable company. The different roles were well portrayed and Clarence Bennett as "John the Baptist," and "Judas," Marie De Bean as "Salome," Maude Selden as "Elizabeth" and J. Harrison as "Marius" were exceedingly strong. The costumes and scenic effects were magnificent, and in every detail the production was superb, and, if possible, was in better hands than last year.

More heating stoves arriving each day. You get the best when you buy of Holmes & Gilfillan.

Obituary.

After an illness of several months, Mrs. Mary Jane Baker passed from these earthly cares, December 11, 1905, at 1:20 a. m.

She was born in the town of Victory, Wayne county, N. Y. She came to Pennsylvania at the age of 23, when she married Martin VanSickle, and after his death she married Ephraim Baker, who is also dead. She has always been a resident of Bush Hill on the Smethport road.

Early in the spring she went to visit her old home and after having been there but a short time she was taken sick and as she did not gain in health she returned to Port Allegany to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Etta L. Wilson, where she remained until she died.

Mrs. Baker was a loving mother, a kind and affectionate friend and honored and respected by both old and young. She was always of a bright and sunny disposition, having a kind word for all. For many years she has been a member of the United Brethren church.

Besides a host of friends to mourn her departure, she leaves two brothers, Martin Smith of Cleveland, N. Y., and David Smith of Red Creek, N. Y., one sister, Mrs. Marion Drakeford of Wolcott, N. Y., two daughters, Mrs. Etta L. Wilson of Port Allegany, and Mrs. Lennie M. Crum of Cleveland, Ohio, and one son, Thomas VanSickle of Smethport.

Forgot His Name.

Saturday evening about 8 o'clock the police were notified that a man was lying in an unconscious state near Weaver's barn, East Main St. The unfortunate man was taken to the police headquarters and during the night showed signs of great suffering. Medical aid was summoned and it was found that the man's condition was the result of an epileptic fit. He would occasionally revive so as to talk briefly, but was unable to tell his name. He stated that he had come from Potter county. He was cared for at the police headquarters and Sunday was taken to the hospital in Sloan & Grabe's ambulance.

Upon reaching the hospital he revived enough to say that his name was Bert Ballard.

He carried a small bottle containing about a half teaspoonful of laudanum. He later stated that he had forgotten his name on many previous occasions, sometimes for a week at a time.

Died.

In Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1905, after a few hours illness of spasmodic croup, Lawrence Ray, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray E. Button.

Rev. Smith of East Olean preached the funeral sermon and the remains were laid at rest in the family lot at Portville, Dec. 9.

The little life of only 15 months had brought much joy to his parents, relatives and many friends. Now that the little soul has returned to the God who gave it, the grief-stricken ones must turn to Him for comfort in their grief. Rev. Smith's remarks were full of comfort and hope and were taken from the words of our blessed Saviour: "For I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold my Father which is in Heaven. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

At the Baptist Church.

Services next Sunday as usual. Morning subject, "The Gold a Rule Applied," and the evening subject, "Has Odd Fellowship a legitimate place in the Christian World to-day?" Morning worship at 10:45, Bible school at 12, Junior C. E. at 3 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30, Evening worship at 7:30.

The evening address will be delivered before Smethport lodges, encampment and subordinate I. O. O. F. Mid-week prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8. An earnest invitation is extended to all. Strangers and transient residents in town especially invited to attend. On Sunday evening, Dec. 24, Rev. Day expects to address the Masonic fraternity.

Accounts Must be Settled.

On account of our dissolution of partnership, all persons indebted to us are requested to call and settle their accounts before January 1st. Accounts not settled by that time collection will be enforced.

GREEN BROTHERS,
Smethport, Pa.

Cutters and Sleighs for Sale.

I have a full carload of Michigan sleighs of different sizes for lumbering purposes, and a nice line of cutters and sleighs. All are new and of the latest designs. Prices are reasonable.

E. T. DALY,
Smethport, Pa.

Hawkes Cut Glass.

The best in the world. A large and fine assortment to select from.

PRELL, Bradford, Pa.

Go to Brasted's for Christmas candies. He has an excellent line, all fresh and good.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Did you ever have "Foot-ease?" Then try Queen Quality Shoes at Lindholm's.

The "Iron House"

By WILLIS EMERY

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I HAD spent the evening at a theater with my clients, Mrs. Desborough and her daughter, and we had tried, with fair success, to exclude from our conversation all reference to the very thrilling drama of real life in which we three were cast for leading roles. Miss Desborough, indeed, seemed to shake her mind free of it with ease and heartily to enjoy the play upon the stage, but there were long intervals when I beheld the actors with no comprehension of what they were

IT WAS MY PARTNER, JOHN HAMMOND.

about, and it was the shine with the elder of my companions. Often I was aware that she shuddered and started as if waking from no pleasant dream. Then I knew that she had been thinking of our adversary, Richard Stendhall, whom she feared with the simplicity of superstition as though he were the devil. Sometimes in such moments she would cast a quick glance at me as if I were her sole relliance in this just conviction.

Upon the whole it was a highly emotional evening for me and for this reason keenly delightful.

When I had parted from Mrs. Desborough and pretty Miss Alice after a bit of supper it was just midnight, mild, clear and with a growing moon now falling toward the west. I was in no mood for sleep. My mind refreshed itself upon its own delight, and so it happened that I took a long detour to pass by Stendhall's home—the "Iron House," as it is called, because of the abundance of that strong metal in and around it.

There is a tall iron fence upon the avenue side, and the black arch over the great gate rises twenty feet at least. The cumbrous bolts were almost on a level with my eyes. The upright bars which I took hold upon were bigger than my hands could clasp. This formidable structure, seemingly designed for giants, dwarfed me in body, yet enlarged my spirit, for in the dark mass of that great house there was a single lighted window in the second story, and I believed that Stendhall burned his lamp so late to seek for refuge against my attack.

This was by no means the first time I had stood before his gate. His house, so ponderously defended, the courtyard always deserted by day and crowded with black shadows by night, had exercised a strong fascination upon my mind long before I dreamed that the man himself would ever be more than a name to me. His home fitted him so well! His iron hardness of heart, his long defiance of the law, his shrewd wealth, locked up in steel behind the doors of blanks, the mystery of his ways, these and many other images I had conjured up years ago when the scene was new to me and Stendhall charmed my fancy as a type of the most monstrous product of our era, the throned brigand of industry.

The broad window whence came the light in a wavering tracery around the edges of the curtain had once been pointed out to me as belonging to the room where Stendhall received the most intimate of his visitors and concocted his most intricate conspiracies. He, indeed, formed many alliances and seemed to have no need of caution, distrusting all men, but fearing none, scorning treachery, often betrayed, yet never to his hurt.

As I watched, the light was slowly lowered. Frugal Stendhall, being about to leave the room for a little while, had turned down the gas. Presently I saw a gleam through a panel of stained glass upon a stairway. Then the door of the house was opened and two men appeared. They were no more than shadows under the overhanging, heavy roof of the stone pillared portico, yet one of them was so tall that it must be Stendhall. The other disclosed no recognizable characteristic. They walked slowly along the portico, which ended at the wall of an adjoining building. For perhaps two minutes they were invisible to me. Then Stendhall returned alone and entered the house.

What had become of the other man? It was an interesting puzzle, but one that I despaired of solving. I continued to stare idly at the house until Stendhall had turned up the light in his room. Then I abandoned my position and faced toward home. At the corner of the next cross street I looked westward, attracted by the brightness of the moon, and so I chanced to see a man coming out of a house upon that street—the third from the corner. It was my partner, John Hammond.

If his manner had been ordinary I should have followed and hailed him, but he was so obviously daunted by the brilliancy of the night and made such haste to pull his hat down so that the shadow of its brim might shield his face that I was thrilled with a sudden monstrous suspicion, and I let him go upon his way.

It seems certain that some revelation must have come to me before in order that I should have been prepared to condemn Hammond upon such evidence. There was merely the physical possibility that a secret passage might lead from Stendhall's portico to this house upon the street below, and yet my mind would never have accepted so readily the suggestion of my partner's treachery unless unrecked hints of its inception had been accumulating in the remoter regions of my brain during the past month of our joint labors with the Desborough case.

In the succeeding portion of the night I slept little and thought much, and as a result of it all I went next morning at the earliest possible moment to the Central Safe Deposit vaults, where we kept certain documents of capital importance to our affairs. Among them was the original contract drawn nearly twenty years ago between Clarence Desborough and Richard Stendhall, whereby the former ceded a part of the control of his business to the latter. A dozen other men in the same field of industry had committed a similar indiscretion, and then Stendhall had executed the first grand coup of the career which raised him to such heights of wealth and power. How it was done has never been disclosed—probably by a trick as simple as the commonest sleight of hand. The salient fact is that Stendhall began at once to arrogate to himself powers not delegated in these agreements, and when the victims perceived his intent and turned to study their contracts not one of those documents could be found. Then began interminable lawsuits, marked by incredible scandals, disgracing many courts, but Stendhall's grip upon that industry which he had planned to seize grew always tighter. Some of his opponents became his tools and waxed rich; others were ruined. Two succumbed to the stress of the unequal battle and died insane. One of these was Clarence Desborough.

By what means the Desborough contract escaped destruction I do not know, but it was offered to the widow by a wretched creature who had long served Stendhall and had been discarded. My partner, Hammond, had just formed the acquaintance of the Desboroughs, and had lost his heart to Alice, who was never in the least attracted toward him. The affair was put into his hand. I naturally took part in the investigation which followed. We satisfied ourselves of the genuineness and importance of the document and advanced to Mrs. Desborough the moderate price demanded. Its value was in the millions, but the man who sold it cared little for money, knowing himself to be on the brink of the grave.

If Hammond was to play us false this document would be the nucleus of his treachery, and jealousy rather than money the true motive. He fancied that I had displaced him with Alice, but this was impossible for the reason I have stated. Indeed, no one knew this better than he did in his calmer moments, but jealousy is a kind of madness.

Supposing him to have had a treasonable interview with Stendhall, there was a fair probability that the contract had been exhibited, and with this thought in mind I went to the safe deposit box that morning. The result seemed to justify my suspicions, for the precious document was not there.

I took post in a convenient doorway and within ten minutes saw Hammond enter the Central company's vaults. When he had gone away again I reexamined our drawer. The contract was in its proper place.

My plan was already formed. It would have involved a hazardous exposal of confidence except for one fortunate circumstance—the man whom I must trust was my own father. He was a manufacturer of the costlier kinds of paper and imperishable parchments and an expert in inks and signatures and all details that mark the authenticity or expose the fraudulency of documents. It was upon his opinion that we had chiefly relied in the matter of the genuineness of the Desborough contract. It was to him I now carried it with the singular request that he should prepare for me the best possible forgery.

During the time necessary for this work Hammond once visited the safe deposit box and missed the document, but I satisfied him with the falsehood that it had been in my possession. On the evening of the same day my father laid two copies of the Desborough contract before me and asked me to judge between them, but, though I had learned many secrets from him, I could not distinguish the new from the old.

After I had substituted the false for the genuine contract it was necessary only for me to visit the Central's vault at the close of every day. When Hammond should be ready to consummate his corrupt bargain I could not fail to know.

It fell upon a Saturday, and at midnight I followed Hammond to the house upon the cross street whence I had seen him emerge, as I have described. I was disguised as an old man with a white wig and beard. When Hammond entered the suspected house I was quite close to him, and I observed that he gave no summons. There was no visible attendant. The door seemed to open of itself, and I observed a similar phenomenon a few minutes later when a shadowy form which I could not doubt to be Hammond's passed along the dim arcade to the unlighted portal of Stendhall's residence.

Immediately an almost insane curiosity took hold upon me. My desire to see the meeting between Stendhall and Hammond was so strong that it relieved me of the necessity of planning. I proceeded upon pure animal instinct.

It was no great feat to climb the iron fence, but I will not describe, and, indeed, shall never clearly know, how I scaled the side of Stendhall's house. Once at the window, my difficulties were over. There were a fair footing and a hold for my hands, but I could see nothing. The window was a little way open, and the draft was outward, so that the curtain's edges seemed glued to the casing. My excitement was maddening, and the minutes were endless. Then suddenly the current of air changed. The curtain swung some inches inward, and I could see into the room.

Stendhall stood with his back toward me, looking across a broad table to the door, which an ill favored fellow who seemed to be a servant had just opened. There was a folded paper in his hand. He advanced and gave it to Stendhall, who glanced at it and nodded several times. The servant withdrew, and not a word had been spoken upon either side.

I slid down from my perch without a thought for my neck, ran round inside the yard to the front door and pressed the electric button. Upon the front this house had a conventional and inhabited look. I expected a prompt response to my ring. Instead there was a long wait, during which I had a strange sense of being scrutinized by hidden eyes.

Upon the farther side of Stendhall's house there was a carriage way closed by heavy gates, which suddenly were rolled aside. A closed carriage rolled out into the road, and I thought I heard a muffled cry from within it. Clearly they were taking Hammond away, having robbed and gagged him. What further violence was meditated I knew not, but a strange survival of loyalty to this traitor swept over me, and I ran to his relief.

Through many dark streets I pursued the vehicle, and at last it stopped beside the curb. I ran up to it and wrenched open the door. The coachman upon the box remained absolutely motionless, paying no attention to me. The carriage was empty. I had been gently tricked.

It was useless to return to Stendhall's, and upon a chance I went to the house to which my partner had his rooms. I had removed the wig and beard. The attendant at the outer door knew me and stared at my shabby attire. Mr. Hammond, he said, had just returned. I went to his apartment and knocked, and he answered in a hoarse voice, "Who's there?"

"Let me in," I called. "I must see you at once."

There was a brief silence and then a loud, sharp sound. I set my hand to

HE LAY DEAD AT MY FEET.

the door and found it unlocked, but obstructed by the body of the man who for so many years I had called my friend. He lay dead at my feet, a revolver upon the floor beside him.

I learned subsequently that he had received a blow upon the head, doubtless in Stendhall's house, and that he had been found wandering in the streets not far away. While being led home he had recovered and had insisted upon going on alone.

By no exercise of ingenuity or patience or use of such influence as I could command have I ever been able to involve Stendhall in any criminal prosecution for this affair. The secrets of his house were undiscoverable. Beyond my own evidence as to Hammond's entry by the private way I could offer nothing. That did not prove the manner of the assault upon him. When Stendhall found that he had taken a worthless document from Hammond he offered a satisfactory settlement of the Desborough suit, and with that I was forced to be content. The facts about Hammond found their way into print, but that they frightened or even annoyed Stendhall in the slightest degree I cannot give myself the pleasure of supposing, but I know upon excellent authority that the trick of the forged contract cut him to the marrow.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some people can't hurry without making mistakes.

About all we get out of wishes is the pleasure of making them.

Just because talk is cheap is no reason why any one should use a lot of it.

Never expect a photograph album to interest a man long unless it has his picture in it.

A certain amount of will power is all right, but a man who can fast until he starves to death doesn't amount to much.

After a man spends two or three weeks on a jury he ought to be a pretty good lawyer. Indeed, he ought to be a pretty good judge.

It is a wonder that some statistician has never found out how soon after a wedding the word "rights" begins to appear.—Atchison Globe.

Advice to Young Men.

If the average young man would read the want ads. as closely as the baseball news he would find that he had as many "chances" as a first baseman.—Erie (Pa.) Times.

LIFE IN BIG LONDON

SOME OF THE THINGS AMERICAN VISITORS SOON LEARN.

Frequent Blowing of Cab Whistles Puzzling at First—No Bootblack Stands in British Capital—Women Cannot Clean Windows.

Americans sojourning in London are often puzzled in their first few hours there to account for the frequent blowing of mouth whistles in their vicinity, resembling the blasts of sound with which the New York postman accompanies the delivery of mail. A Yankee who arrived in the British metropolis one summer night greatly fatigued by his journey retired early at his lodgings, but was kept awake until midnight by the unaccustomed and continuous blowing of whistles, which suggested to his drowsy brain that letter carriers were calling every few minutes at the adjoining houses.

At breakfast the next morning he remarked that he had often heard of London's frequent mail deliveries, but he had never supposed there were so many of them as he had heard the previous evening.

"Heard?" inquired his seat mate.

"Yes; didn't you hear the postmen blowing their whistles every few minutes until after midnight?"

The Englishman ate too polite to laugh in one's face, but a suppressed snicker went around the table, breaking into audible laughter as another New Yorker, who had been in London twenty-four hours longer than the new arrival, explained glibly:

"Why, those were cab calls you heard. Every London house has a cab whistle. One blast brings a hansom, two a four wheeler."

Cabs are essential to London, where antiquated stages are the only means of going in many directions, and they serve as express wagons as well as conveyances. Few persons send their baggage "luggage," it is called over there, in advance to railway station or steamer pier. A cab is called at the last moment, and the owner puts trunk or valise on the roof of his vehicle. If one's parcels are numerous a four wheeler or omnibus is employed. On arriving with luggage the same method is used to carry it to one's home or lodgings.

As the baggage covered hansom bowls along two or three ragged and dirty men or boys may be seen running beside it. If any distance is to be traversed, it will be noticed that some of these drop behind one after the other, while others take their places. They are "runners," usually men on their "uppers," who earn an occasional shilling by following cabs to their destinations and carrying the luggage upstairs for the arriving passengers.

It would not occur to the average Englishman to seek a bootblack outside his own home for his morning "shine." Shoes are generally polished in the house by the maidservant, if one lacks valet or footman, and the bootblack stand is conspicuously absent from the British capital. Bootblacks, often aged men, bearing the label "Licensed Messenger" on their coat sleeve, have foot boxes at the chief intersections of the principal thoroughfares and ply their trade for the benefit of transients and foreigners. They are seldom patronized by the London householder.

One of the first inquiries made by Americans who settle in London is for a washerwoman. But it is soon found that this useful person is not to be had. Very little washing is done at home or taken out by washerwomen in London, all the soiled linen being sent to a laundry. The result is that Americans, accustomed to the weekly visit of the family washerwoman at home, find their laundry bills not a small item of expense on the other side of the ocean.

A surprise is in store for the new householder in London who asks the maidservant to clean the windows. "Indeed, ma'am, I'd be arrested if I did," explains the girl as she refuses the task. And, sure enough, it is learned that owing to accidents to women cleaning windows from the outside the authorities have ordained that women must not risk life or limb at window cleaning. The penalty for disobeying the regulation is a fine of $5. So men employed as porters in furniture stores and similar shops earn many odd sixpences and shillings by spending their weekly half holidays as window cleaners to householders lacking men servants.

Most of the small London shopkeepers and their assistants take a half holiday on Thursday instead of Saturday, as in New York, the butchers closing up Tuesday afternoons. This practice causes inconvenience to newcomers until guarded against by early purchases.—New York Tribune.

Stone House Almost as Cheap as Wood

It is now quite possible to have the exterior of a house built of stone at a price not much greater than the cost of clapboards or shingles. This condition of things has come about through the development of the cement industry in this country. Given reasonable access to a transportation line and a sand bank, and the possibility of a stone house is yours. One part of cement, two or three parts of sand and four to seven parts of gravel or broken stone mixed together with enough water to make a paste will produce a stone that is next to granite in hardness and strength, not affected by fire, as are marbles and limestones, and much less susceptible to injury by frost than sandstone.—Country Life In America.

Winning Ways.

The people who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self forgetfulness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better nature of others.—Woman's Life.

A Cautious Statement.

More reserved in its wording than most epitaphs is one in a Derbyshire churchyard, which, after giving particulars of birth and death, concludes, "'Twas said he was an honest man."

SOMETHING ABOUT WARTS.

What Usually Causes Them and How They May Be Cured.

An ordinary wart is a local overgrowth or hypertrophy of the papillary layer of the skin. It may be covered on the top with the epithelial layer, which gives it a smooth surface, or the epithelium may fall away and leave the separate strings showing at the point of the wart, like so many brown or black seeds—whence the name of seed wart.

Warts of this kind occur most commonly on the hands of children. They are caused usually by the irritation of the many sorts of dirt into which the youngsters' hands are so constantly plunged. It seems probable that warts are slightly contagious and that they may be spread through a schoolful of children by direct contact.

Sometimes warts are quite broad and flat, of a smooth surface and yellowish in color. Such occur frequently about the face and occasionally also on the hands.

Another form of flat wart may come on the back in the aged. It is broad, irregular in outline, with uneven "seedy" surface, and sometimes covered with greasy scales.

Warts vary a good deal in color. Some are indistinguishable in color from the surrounding skin, while others are pinkish, yellowish, brown or even quite black. The dark color may be due to the deposit of pigment in the body of the wart, but it is more often, especially in children, simply dirt which has been worked down between the "seeds." Soaking them in warm soapsuds and scrubbing with the nail brush will usually restore the natural pinkish color. Some warts are, however, deeply pigmented, constituting true moles. These are more common on the skin of the chest, abdomen and back.

A wart is usually a trivial thing, but its removal is nevertheless advisable. Its prominence above the surface exposes it constantly to slight injuries, which may keep it in a painful condition. It is never an ornament and may be most unsightly. And finally, in persons getting along in years, it may take on new growth and develop into a tumor.

In children warts come and go without apparent reason, and treatment is often unnecessary. But if they persist for a long time or when they come on the adult skin it is better to get rid of them. Sometimes soaking in warm sea water for ten minutes two or three times a day will cause the warts to disappear. This can be tried first, and if it fails an application of salicylic acid in collodion or touching the wart with a drop of glacial acetic acid on the end of a match will suffice.

The Thief Weakened.

In Calcutta a box containing money and valuable papers was stolen from a large business establishment. After the police had failed to trace the thief a native wise man, Tarini Prasad Jyotishi, was called in. He ordered an assembly of the whole establishment, peons, bearers, durwans, table servants, coachmen, syces and what not, and began to harangue them concerning the unity and majesty of the Almighty. Then he entered upon the ritual of his craft, in which the registration of names, the washing of hands, breathing on little squares of paper, distribution of sacred rice and muttering of prayers played their part. A new earthenware vessel received the names, with some red powder, and the vessel was finally covered and sealed, the awestruck audience being informed, with further reminders of divine omniscience and omnipotence, that unless the box was discovered the name of the thief, inscribed in red, would be found within the earthen vessel when the seal should be broken eight days later. This was on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning the box was found, rifled of notes and gold, but with the valuable papers intact, but the thief is still at large.

A Costly Chinese Tribute.

From the port of Amoy, China, tribute of edible birds' nests has been sent to Peking ever since the reign of the fourth emperor of the present Chinese dynasty. At first the quantity sent was 100 catties (133 pounds), but this was afterward increased to 160 catties. The delicacy is produced in Siam and sold in Hongkong, whither Amoy merchants go to purchase it, the cost of 160 catties being about $5,000 gold. But, in addition to the heavy price, the merchants have to pay all kinds of illegal fees to officials, amounting to a further sum of $5,000. To these sums must be added the salaries and expenses of the employees of the same merchants who undertake to supply the tribute. The income is derived from dues levied on imports, and these were formerly sufficient to cover expenses, but now that foreign imports have considerably decreased they are not sufficient, and the merchants suffer great loss in consequence.

Brother Jonathan.

The origin of the term "Brother Jonathan" was as follows: When General Washington went to Massachusetts to organize the army he found a great lack of ammunition and of other necessary means for the conduct of the war, and at one time it seemed quite impossible to arrange things properly. Jonathan Trumbull was then governor of the state of Connecticut, and the general, who placed complete reliance on his excellency's judgment, said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." He did so, with the satisfactory result that the governor was successful in supplying many of the pressing wants of the army, and thenceforth, whenever difficulties arose and the army spread over the country, "We must consult Brother Jonathan" became a common saying until it passed into a nickname for the whole country.

Thinking of the Cook.

Jones—What makes you think Snubbs is absentminded? Freyer—We went into an auction store yesterday. The auctioneer was shouting, "Going, going!" and Snubbs shouts: "Please don't go!. I will give you $5 a month more and have a girl to help you with the washing!"

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy, and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

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906 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CA-SNOW & CO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

of this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete.

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

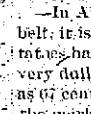
C. J. VANBLAD.

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this same blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.

Women take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity. It dries debilitating drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."

"In the year 1903 my health was poor," writes Mrs. J. Black, of 242 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y. "I suffered from falling of womb, a disagreeable discharge, painful monthly periods, headache, backache and pains in the limbs. Every month was confined to bed for two or three days. Was weak, nervous and hysterical. Life was a burden to myself and I made every one in the family unhappy because I was so irritable. My husband got me four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and before I had taken the first bottle I was feeling some relief. The medicine made me well and strong, free from nervousness, aches and pain, and I feel like a new woman. Before I used the 'Favorite Prescription' I had been taking another physician's medicine for nearly three months, but had received no benefit. Your medicine is certainly the best in the world."



A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Don't let a selfish seller over-persuade you to accept a substitute for these **Original Little Liver Pills**, first put up by old Dr. R. V. Pierce over 40 years ago. **Much imitated but never equaled.**

THE BIG STORE.

For the most beautiful HAVILAND and JAPANESE CHINA

RICH CUT GLASS

English and American DECORATED DINNER SETS

Fine Table Glassware

Bissell's Carpet Sweeper

Sleds and Skates.

STEEL DOLL CARRIAGES, GO-CARTS, Etc.,

go to

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Look up L. K. Hogarth's Christmas ad in this issue.

—Redfield's Hardware has another holiday ad this week.

—Everybody, or nearly everybody, is talking for paving these days.

—Don't forget "Simple Simon Simple" at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—Ike Simons, the Bradford clothier, gives valuable hints as to seasonable gifts for men in his this week.

—If you have not received the Westbrook Academy illustrated prospectus send for a copy at once. It is a handsome booklet.

—Edinboro Normal students are surrounded by influences favorable to study. Winter term begins Jan. 2, 1906. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Myron A. Woods of Falls Creek and Miss Nina M. Layman of Port Allegany were married at Olean on Wednesday of last week.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist church will hold a Christmas sale and supper at the church parlors on Thursday, Dec. 19. All are invited.

—An exchange says: Pearl L. Cole of Waverly, N. Y., aged 21 years, and Charles Winn, a Chinese laundryman of Williamsport, were married in that city Monday.

—"Simple Simon Simple" will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum next Monday evening. It is a clever musical comedy and is the best thing of the kind booked for Smethport this season.

—Hiram Johnson, who was sent to the penitentiary from Warren county for passing forged checks in Warren, pleaded guilty on two counts, and was sentenced to eighteen months in the western penitentiary. Mrs. Johnson was a resident of Kane. Kane Republican.

—At a meeting of McKean Post No. 311, G. A. R., held Dec. 5th, 1905, the following officers were elected for the year 1906, viz: Commander, E. R. Mayo; senior vice commander, S. C. Nash; junior vice commander, J. C. Cunningham; adjutant, H. M. Chase; quarter master, J. Colegrove; surgeon, Burt; chaplin, G. W. King; officer of the day, A. H. Pierce; officer of the guard, Geo. W. Irons.

—Prill, the Bradford jeweler, is prepared for the Christmas trade. See his ad in another column.

—Automobiles are being run in town this week. The smooth, hard roads are all right just at present but the weather is rather cold for pleasure riding.

—Monheimer expresses his Xmas and New Year's greeting in his big ad in this issue, and his discount sale, coming so timely as it does, should appeal to everybody.

—In Avoca, N. Y., the potato growing belt, it is reported that the price of potatoes had taken a drop. The market is very dull and stock that was bringing as 67 cents per bushel is now a drug on the market at 50 cents per bushel.

—The American Window Glass Co. cut the wages of the ladies and porteners, and as a result a large number quit at the plant No. 5. The American Window Glass Co. seems to have inaugurated a policy of cutting down the cost of production to the very lowest, in order to slash the prices on window glass in competition with the independents.—Kane Republican.

All Annoyed With the God.

Momus, in Greek fable, was the god of mockery and censure, who delighted in finding fault with gods and men. He was chosen to act as judge when there was a strife between Neptune, Minerva and Vulcan for supremacy in strength or power. Neptune made a bull, Minerva a house and Vulcan a man. Momus declared that Neptune should have set his bull's horns higher for ward for striking purposes. He said that Minerva should have constructed the house so that people could move it easily from neighbors and that Vulcan should have made a window in the man's breast through which one might see his thoughts. All were angry with Momus and declared that he should be cast out of Olympus. Vulcan, the god of fire, was the only deity who could endure the presence of Momus, and he, in order to get even with the critic, made a man and woman. Before the man Vulcan placed a window, through which all could see the heart. The woman he left without a door, so that her husband could enter at any time and see what she was thinking about. Momus was delighted with the plan and declared that now all would be happy. But Jupiter, angered at the failure of the gods to please Momus, threw the critic out of Olympus, and he fell to earth, where he has been ever since.

Toothache.

To cure toothache, which is said to be caused by a worm, the Siamese make a small hole in a grain of rice, put the worm in the hole and then eat the rice. Another cure is to write a charm on a piece of paper, fold it up and put it in the ear. Another is to write a charm on a piece of paper and put it in a hollow tooth. The Chinese make a mixture with pork and frogs' eggs, and as he succeeds in expelling one of these squirming specimens from the mouth of his new and grisly patient he is the envied doctor. In the case of the ear, and the mouth, the patient is instructed when the worm is gone not to swallow it, but to spit it out. Further afield, if the ache be on the right side of the jaw, a left hand male paw must be used, and vice versa. A similar toothache superstition exists in the Cape Verde Islands and also on the Canaries.

A Ghastly Exhibition.

The [illegible] an old rubber of [illegible] new deck of cards. It was an old [illegible] years of exposure and to look up the old worn-out [illegible] on the windows sill. "Throw them in the fire," said the young man who was his partner. "What!" said the elder. "Throw a pack of cards in the fire? Young man, you don't know what you are talking about. I wouldn't do it for $1,000." "Why not?" "Superstition," was the answer. "Burn a pack of cards and they'll never give you another hand and will mock you to the last. They're bad enough at best, but you never saw a gambler curse the cards or abuse them or burn them or otherwise ill treat them. He doesn't dare to. I know a successful card player who did it. He was dwelling on velvet then. In a year he was a beggar, and he never won a game worth mentioning forever after. It's a whim, but the gentlemen of the cloth of green respect it. They won't burn a pack of cards."

Toxic Effect of Laughter.

We are not disposed to say anything about the physiology of laughter, but we are prepared to affirm that as a tonic there is nothing within the possibilities of human experience that can match a good, hearty laugh. There is scarcely a condition about a laugh that does not recommend it. It is impossible to distinguish whether it is a prince or a plebeian who is moved to merriment. Hardly [illegible] tragedy could be perpetrated that could arrest the power of song from the birds, but that would be a small calamity compared with the blotting of laughter from life. If the conditions of this world could be such as to afford to every human being the frequent enjoyment of a pure, hearty peal of laughter, there would be no need that other favors be conferred. This alone would be ample testimony that happiness was paramount in the lives of men.—Baltimore Herald.

"Shoddy."

It is old wool redressed by scientific and clean methods. It is a component of most of the woolen garments of today. The world does not grow enough wool to enable us to have a constant supply of new woolen garments except with the aid of [illegible] shoddy that has run and been worn out to buy a new suit of clothes at the price of a week's wage. In the olden days [illegible] for any man to buy an all wool garment which [illegible] last him two years. Most of the clothes we wear in fact, contain an element of shoddy and so far from being the worst [illegible] are the better.—Magazine of Commerce.

Tearing Cards.

To tear a pack of cards in two is regarded by some as a serious test of strength, and a good many people possess the secret of performing the feat. The secret of success lies in the fact that the cards are not torn at once, but in preparing to get a grip on the pack the strong man so manipulates the cards that they overlap. In this way but a single card is torn at a time, and once the starter gets torn the rest is easy. Nearly any one who can hold a pack of cards firmly the trick is fairly easy, and while in olden times a single pack of cards was considered to be the limit of strength many of our strong men tear three and four packs at a time. The cards are restored to their original form before being given out for examination, and so the trick escapes detection.

A Wonderful Banyan Tree.

The finest botanical gardens in the world are justly claimed by Calcutta, that city of "palaces and pigsties" and statues. The stranger visiting the gardens for the first time will find his wonder and admiration excited by the appearance of an immense banyan tree. The branches of this tree droop as in our weeping willow, and when a branch is sufficiently long its extremity is imbedded in the earth, takes root and in turn sends out more branches. In this manner the operation has been repeated until the tree now measures 930 feet in circumference at its base and has attained a height of eighty-five feet. It forms a veritable maze, a marvel to the occidental eye.

The Word "Calico."

The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar, in Hindustan, gave to one of his chiefs as a reward for distinguished services his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calicoud, or "The Cock Crowing." Afterward it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England hence the word calico.

Irving and Hamlet.

"Hamlet" was the favorite role of Sir Henry Irving's long career. Samuel Phelps was in the title role. Some time after Irving had begun to listen to the [illegible] by Irving, and after [illegible] young man the celebrated [illegible] him this characteristic advice: "Never have nothing to do with [illegible] It's a bad profession."

Considerate.

[illegible] very kind to [illegible] the friend of [illegible] Tommy. "I bet all [illegible] to her sick."—Philadelphia Record.

His Luxury Under Control.

[illegible] I were to die, what would you do—I should be almost [illegible] Would you marry again? [illegible] I would loyally be as crazy as I could.

An Anxious Wife.

Lady—Do you think this medicine would do my husband any good? Druggist—I'm sure it would, madam. Lady—Hum! What other kinds have you got?—Exchange.

Getting Real Lemon Oil.

A dealer in spices in New York held up a small bottle filled with a pale amber liquid. "Smell it," he said, crowning the cork. The visitor inhaled an odor which seemed to call up visions of orange and citron groves of ancient Greek fame.

"It's the genuine oil of lemons," said the dealer in response to a look of inquiry. "That is all I have left of a pound of the oil, and it took 1,200 lemons to produce it. Rather expensive stuff, almost equal to that of attar of roses. The method of obtaining the oil is tedious. A man has a big, dry, clean sponge before him on a table. He takes strips of the lemon peel, gives them a certain twist which breaks the cells and sends the oil out in a fine spray on the sponge. He has to work quickly to avoid evaporation.

"When the sponge has taken up the sprays of about a hundred peels it is wet enough to be squeezed out. An ounce or so of clear and fragrant oil then flows from it."

Irving's First Success.

In 1874 Henry Irving achieved meteoric success by his performance of "Hamlet" at the London Lyceum theater. His interpretation of the part was so striking and unusual that the play had a run unprecedented at that time, continuing for 200 nights. Of his experience in playing this part Sir Henry says, some years before his death, in his own private account:

"I can always tell," he said, "when the audience is with me. It was not with me on the first night of 'Hamlet,' which is perhaps curious, considering my subsequent success. On the first night I felt that the audience did not go with me until the first meeting with Ophelia, when they changed toward me entirely. But as night succeeded night my Hamlet grew in their estimation. I could feel it all the time, and now I know that they like it—that they are with me heart and soul."—Harper's.

How an Orang Outang Travels.

It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along on its larger branches in a semi-erect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, or approaching which it stretches out its feet and hands, and grasping the boughs appears to do its best to shake them as if to test their strength and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch which it walks along, as before. It does not jump or spring, as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger presses. Yet, in spite of its apparently slow movements, it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest with.—Popular Magazine.

Sickened of the Scalpel.

An extraordinary event led Lassone, physician to Louis XVI. of France, to abandon his anatomical studies. While selecting from among some dead bodies a suitable subject for dissection he imagined that one of them showed doubtful signs of death and sought to revive a life which was perhaps not extinguished. His efforts were crowned with success. He cured the man, and as he was poor homeless and supported him. But the idea of having been on the point of committing a crime so affected Lassone that he felt himself unable to pursue his accustomed labors, and from that time forward the study of natural history and chemistry took the place of that of anatomy.

Feast of Kisses.

Hatmagen, in Roumania, possesses a public festival which is probably unique in the world. It is a little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, and on the morning of its annual fair day the population from about eighty villages come trooping in in swarms. To them go out all the young women, married or single, of Hatmagen, each bearing a small flower garland and vessel of wine, and all attended by their godmothers. This last precaution is taken from motives of deference for Mrs. Grundy. As the visitors approach, the young women offer to each a taste of wine and a kiss.

Truthful.

Excited fisherman (to country hotel keeper)—There isn't a bit of fishing about here. Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing? Hotel Keeper—I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was, "Fishing unapproachable."

His Regular Business.

"Isn't it a big price to pay for sending your son a long time to get through college? It seems to me he must be his sixth or seventh year." "It is, but going to college has become a regular business. Why the game would be stupid any show without it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Effective.

"What do you regard as the best [illegible] for [illegible]?" "Well, I have found that being [illegible] generally [illegible] effective."—St. Louis [illegible].

Changing Fashions.

[illegible] changes [illegible] the fool on of this world [illegible] Indeed it [illegible] I shall want a new hat [illegible].

The Directive.

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] Yes? Isn't it a wonder the life [illegible] reminders [illegible] attention [illegible]?

Misleading.

Tubbs [illegible] self that honesty [illegible] Grubbs—Well—of—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors.

Consideration.

Duke McDuke—Why do you call your dog Feathers? Count Noncount—Because I dislike to call him down.

STRANGE ADVICE!

Dr. G. G. Green gives alert personal attention to his great humanitarian contract.

¶In our Almanac for many years past we have given unusual advice to those afflicted with coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles or consumption. We have told them if they did not receive any special benefit after the use of one 75-cent size bottle of German Syrup to consult their doctor. ¶We did not ask them or urge them to use a large number of bottles, as is the case in the advertising of many other remedies. Our confidence in German Syrup makes it possible for us to give such advice. ¶We know by the experience of over 35 years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will specially relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchial or lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders. ¶New trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

For the Holidays

Fine Stationery

Fine Perfumes

Toilet Articles

Brushes

Combs

Mirrors

Hawkes Cut Glass

Razors

Fine Pocket Cutlery

A new line of

Hand Painted China

The prettiest plates we have had yet at very reasonable prices. Everything in the druggists line.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT.

TEN PERCENT DISCOUNT

On all purchases made here from now until Xmas. I do this to show you my appreciation for the liberal patronage with which you have favored me during the past 12 months. My stock is brim full of the season's choicest goods at UNUSUAL LOW PRICES besides a

Discount of 10 Per Cent.

Suits Rain Coats Overcoats

Flannel Shirts Suit Cases Hats

Dress Shirts Silk Suspenders Cuff Buttons

Silk Handkerchiefs Walk-Over Shoes Gloves

and many other useful articles. I wish you one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Wm. Monheimer Smethport Penna

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

HOLIDAY GOODS

WE have the largest stock and the greatest variety. Something for everybody that is useful and appropriate.

THE store is crowded with nice things and if we tried to enumerate the articles it would take a whole sheet of this paper so we will only invite you to call and look over our mammoth stock.

WE WILL PLEASE YOU.

McCoy's Drug Store

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Bran County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1905.

THE enemy of the Panama canal may find the yellow fever germ an assistant in his arguments. But it is pretty poor company to be found in.

THESE are the blessed times when young men and old ones too, for that matter, are sure to get something like a pen-wiper or a scarf-holder, though they would give a good deal if Santa Claus would look over their underclothing and see what they really need.

JOHN HENDLE MITCHELL, United States Senator from Idaho, died at his home in Portland last Friday. Mr. Mitchell had been a political leader in his State for many years and only lost his political influence recently when convicted of conspiracy to defraud the government. He was born in Washington county, Pa., in 1835.

THE paving question is a much discussed matter in Smethport at the present time. Gradually our people are coming to realize that it would not only be a great benefit to the town but it would be a great economy in a few years. The cost of keeping Main street in ordinary condition for the past twenty years has been enormous and when this is taken into consideration it can easily be seen what a reduction in future expenses paving would mean.

FORMAL announcement was made at Washington late Wednesday afternoon by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt of the engagement of their daughter, Alice Lee Roosevelt, to Nicholas Longworth, representative in Congress from the First district of Ohio, one of the Cincinnati districts. Coupled with the announcement of the engagement is the additional announcement that the wedding will take place about the middle of next February. While arrangements for the wedding have not been made it public, it is expected that it will occur at the White House.

THE average country member is expected to appear to better advantage at the coming special session of the legislature than he did at the regular session of last winter. Nevertheless, there is a decided general impression that a higher standard of individual courage and independence must prevail among the men sent from the country districts hereafter. As an observation in point, the Lancaster Examiner says: "Now that the country member has nothing to lose by way of appropriations and something to gain by being independent, we may expect him to do some good and a minimum of harm. Still there is never any use in taking chances. The coming country member should be a man of grit and intelligence and one who will not cringe to a boss for 'the old flag and—an appropriation.'"

THE advice of the insurance agents, "to give your wife a policy on your life for a Christmas present," may not be followed as generally this year as formerly, yet it is better advice than the agents ever were able to give before. The business of life insurance is to be conducted more honestly and conservatively than it has been in the last 20 years. The cutting down of the big salaries paid to the executive officers, and the big commissions paid to the agents, and the cutting off of payments to blacklegs who posed as men having political power, ought to result in some reduction of the cost of insurance to the insured and some increase in the dividends paid to those who take out what are known as participating or dividend policies. It is a time when the insurance solicitor and the man seeking insurance can do business with a reasonable certainty that the future is brighter for both than when the Armstrong investigating committee began its work.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Dec. 9, 1905

The fact that the Panama Canal Bill went so speedily through the House does not necessarily argue so well for its reception in the Senate. Of course the Bill is going to pass, but there is likely to be an aplomat of vexatious delays and the Senators who have a grudge against the President and who are covertly against the canal itself will have a fine opportunity to vent their spleen. The reduction of the appropriation in the House from $16,500,000 to $11,000,000 was a more or less childish piece of spite work. Everyone knows that the canal is going to cost more than the estimate amount no matter what type is finally selected and whatever it costs, it will be cheap at the price. But the reduction of five and a half millions in the immediate appropriation will have no effect on the ultimate cost and will merely engender a certain amount of friction and make the canal workers feel that they are being treated grudgingly without helping the cause of economy a particle. The commission according to present calculations, has enough money to meet the payroll on Dec. 15, but the appropriation bill will have to go through in time for the payments on Dec. 30th. Both the House and the Senate know this. They know also that they will have to dig into the national treasury several times before the job is completed in spite of all opposition, so it would be just as well for them to submit gracefully.

The reports of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor show that the international trade of the country is picking up again both in imports and exports. The first is gratifying as it indicates increased custom receipts and a corresponding diminution of the deficit and the second because it shows expanding manufacturing interests at home. There is a long array of figures in the report, but the gist of it all is that the imports for the ten months ending with October showed an increase of $81,000,000 in manufactured articles which was a 21 per cent gain over last year. The whole of the imports amounted to 12 per cent more than last year for the same months. The increase in manufactured exports was $58,000,000 or a gain of 14 per cent, while the total gain in exports was 7 per cent. There was a gain of $20,000,000 in the exports of cotton cloths alone and nearly the whole of this went to China, so it does not look as though the boycott of American goods was absolutely fatal after all.

The outlook for the new territorial delegate who it is announced is coming to Congress from the Isle of Pines, does not promise to be very bright. Congressmen, particularly those of the Foreign Relations Committees of the House and Senate are quite prepared for his appearance and the door keeper has already been given the tip that he is not to be allowed the privilege of the floor. Speaker Cannon is a caustic old party, even to the verge of looseness in conversation and when asked what would be the status of the expectant delegate replied that it would be just about the same as that of the wild man of Borneo if he should put in an appearance. When it was suggested that a resolution had already been prepared for his recognition the Speaker assented gravely with the remark, "Yes and you could put in a resolution for the resurrection of St. Paul too." He did not say what he thought would be the outcome of a resolution of that sort, but it was evident he thought it would have about the same effect as a resolution for the recognition of the delegate from the Isle of Pines.

The departure of the Japanese Minister from Washington will, it is understood, be followed by the appointment of Baron Kaneko to that post. It has not yet been officially announced that Mr. Takahira will not return but it is pretty generally understood. Baron Kaneko was in this country last summer during the progress of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth and while he was not officially connected with the mission, it is understood that he really was the direct representative of the Mikado and that all of his several calls at Oyster Bay were connected with phases of the negotiations that could not very well be made public.

Speaking of the change in Japanese ministers, it may be remarked that there is less prospect than ever of an interference on the part of this country with the Japanese protectorate over Korea. The members of the Korean legation which has been a diplomatic fixture here for a number of years, are very bitter at the prospective severance of diplomatic relations. The minister, Yeung Whan Min, says that he will of course, have nothing to say for publication while diplomatic relations exist, but that when they are broken off and he is nothing more than a private citizen residing in this country, he will have some things to relate about the Japanese protectorate that will make interesting reading. Whether this is more than an Oriental bluff it is impossible now to say.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 9, 1905.

Frank J. Dexter, Mrs. Mildred Gilson, Harry Houlen, Mrs. L. R. Kightlinger, George Neil.—Foreign—Carl Oman.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Have You a Dear Friend

Who is affected with Rheumatism? If so tell them that by reason of the cures wrought in the community of Warren, Pa., by Crocker's Rheumatic Cure, a number of business men have associated themselves together to manufacture and extend the sale of the medicine, its taken internally in small doses and the per cent of permanent cures is above the average. For sale at L. K. Hogarth's at 50c per bottle.

Notice of Administration.

In the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased: Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased, late of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to James A. McKean, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JAMES A. MCKEAN,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 7, 1905. Administrator.

Executor's Notice.

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Samuel Barnes, late of Hamlin township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to

JENNIE BARNES, Executrix.
P. O. Address, Hazelhurst, Pa.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

When Children Dream---and Wake

Down through the ages has come the golden spirit of Christmas-tide. Christmas-tide—when hearts grow larger and the fingers that necessity or habit has bent tightly over the pocketbook lessen involuntarily. Christmas-tide—when children wake—and, dreaming or waking long for one tiny glimpse of that dear old man, with a pack that holds all that is beautiful in this world of ours, with a heart that is tender enough and great, to care for the child of the satin world and the starving, homeless, hopeless waif of the street alike, dear, blessed, glorious old Santa Claus.

Gifts at Christmas time—gifts to our friends, and to those who have battled with the world's whirl and came out losers. If you give them, buy them carefully.

We have many—a great store full. This space holds but a hint of what you will find here; to show them will be pleasant; to sell them will be pleasant to suit you in your choice will be pleasanter.

The Holiday Departments are Ready Now.

Gifts for Men. Gifts for Ladies.

ART METAL NOVELTIES, POPULAR BOOKS,
LEATHER GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES,
DOLLS IN ALL VARIETIES, UMBRELLAS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, JEWELRY
PICTURES, FANCY ARTICLES, GLOVES.

The largest stock of toys in this section.

SLIPPERS for the whole family.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

For years it has been my custom to carry a large stock of Holiday Goods and this year is no exception.

Instead I have bought a much larger stock of suitable gifts and to-day I can truthfully say that there is no

BETTER GOODS
OR
LARGER VARIETY

in this vicinity I will not attempt to enumerate the gifts to be fou d on my counters but will mention a few in a general way just to give you an idea of what I have.

HAND PAINTED CHINA
CUT GLASS
TOILET CASES, the largest variety shown in town.
DOLLS, PICTURES and FRAMES
PERFUMES, large assortment of the best
STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES
TOYS and GAMES for the children, the largest and best variety.

H. C. WELLS

A Merry Christmas

Calls for the best in Groceries. We have them for you.

Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Almeria Grapes and Cranberries.

Raisins, Figs, Dates, Candied Fruits and Mince Meat.

Brazil Nuts, Paper Shell Almonds, French Filberts and Walnuts, Pop Corn, Candies, Etc.

The Best Coffees Grown ..... 16c to 40c per lb.

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

40c Jap. Nibs Green Tea ..... 35c lb.; 3 lbs $1.00
40c B. F. Jap. Tea ..... 35c lb.; 3 lbs. $1.00
35c Green Jap. Tea ..... 27c lb.; 4 lbs. $1.00

A. E. FOSTER & CO

FOR CHRISTMAS

Our display of Christmas goods is simply beautiful. You get something here that is surely useful whether ornamental or not. Look our line over. It is unusually swell. If you can't please him here where in the can you.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Call and look over our stock of Christmas Goods

Toys of all kinds for the Children.
GAMES DOLLS IRON TOYS
DRUMS DISHES Etc. . . .

Do not forget to ask for a LADIES HOME JOURNAL STYLE BOOK. Patterns represented in this book always in stock or furnished at short notice.

Our line of dry goods is always complete. Look over my stock before buying and see how much you can buy with little money.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

December 1, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

GRAND DISPLAY OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

We begin the Christmas Trade with a larger and better selected and more complete stock than ever before.

The store is packed with novelties especially suited for holiday giving, and the usual practical things which bring happiness on Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS DOLLS

A fine showing of dolls, all sizes, all styles, prices 1c to $3.

Children's Linen Picture Book, 5c.

Story Books, 10c.

A large assortment of Christmas Tags, Cards, Postals, Booklets, Ornaments, Christmas Bells, Rosettes, Christmas Greeting Chains, etc.

Our stock of Fancy Goods is the largest we have ever carried including Glove and Handkerchief Cases, Purses, Shopping Bags, Photo Frames, Albums, a variety of Fancy Pin Cushions, Emery Bags, Vases, After Dinner Cups and Saucers, Stamped Linens of all kinds, as Doilies, Laundry Bags, all sizes, Pillow Tops, etc.

An elegant line of Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Gloves and Belts

We are showing new styles in Hats, Coats, Furs, Skirts, Silk Waists, Fancy Wash Waists, Silk Petticoats, Kimonas and Infants goods. These suggestions will help you in your Xmas shopping

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

VISIT LINDHOLM'S THIS WEEK — A WEEK OF VALUE GIVING — FOLLOW THE CROWD TO "A BUSY STORE"

These are days for comfortable shopping, and the forenoon is the best half of the day to get waited on promptly and not be crowded.

As an extra inducement for you to do your shopping this week and not wait until the last week before Christmas we are giving special inducements and special prices.

The "Special Prices" hold good only during day of sale.

HANDKERCHIEF DAY
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15.

A most interesting and novel display of handkerchiefs Friday morning

Children's Handkerchiefs, embroidered corners, each 4c

Ladies and Children's Hankerchiefs, lace edge, embroidered and hemstitched 10c, 12c, 15c

Ladies' embroidered and hemstitched linens, 25c, 30c and 50c

Initial Handkerchiefs for all at prices that will surprise you.

PICTURE DAY, SATURDAY, DEC. 16.

This WILL be "Picture Day" and will include every picture in our large assortment for holiday selling. Each lot will be marked at a low cost price. Lots as follows:

(All on second floor)

Matt pictures, The Famous "Sherman Pictures" All sizes, all subjects, 10c

Framed pictures natural wood frames, 25c

Framed Pictures gilt and wood natural, 50c

A large assortment of choice subjects and a variety of frames at 75c, 80c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and up to $3.00.

With every $3.00 picture purchase we will give a beautiful picture FREE. Ask to see them.

SHOE DAY, MONDAY, DEC. 18.

We will show the most complete line of Ladies and Misses, Men's and Children's Shoes and Slippers ever shown in Smethport.

"QUEEN QUALITY," and "DORIS" for Ladies, "PACKARD SHOES" for Men, "MALONEY SHOES" for Children. This will be a remarkable sale and will last but for the one day. Note the date Dec. 18.

SILKS AND RIBBONS, TUESDAY DEC. 19.

Everything in the silk and ribbon department will be marked special for one day only.

STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES, WEDNESDAY DEC. 20.

The Choicest line and best values ever offered. YOU need some sterling silver article for Xmas gifts and you will find THAT article on our counters Wednesday.

Don't fail to see this display.

COATS AND FURS, THURSDAY, DEC. 21.

This most complete line will be the attraction Thursday, and we will spare no pains to make you realize the excellent values. DOUBLE TRADING CARDS with each Coat or Fur purchase Thursday.

Visit us each day and you will find your Xmas shopping a pleasure instead of a burden. Try it and see.

YOURS,

The Lindholm Co.

YOUR WIFE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT
What Will It Be?

She probably has everything in the way of personal adornment and the sensible thing to do is to buy something of a decorative yet useful character for the house.

This store presents a hundred and one suggestions any of which will surely bring delight to the recipient and satisfaction to the giver.

Why not come in now before the rush, make your selections, have it packed and held for later day?

You will find the stock at its best and besides get an important duty off your mind.

H. H. REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

ntered at the postoffice at Smethport as sec ond-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See Bell Bros. holiday ad.

—J. C. Hamlin has an interesting ad in this issue.

—D. C. Young has a new holiday ad in this issue.

—Read what J. Colegrove has to say in his ad this week.

—H. C. Wells has an interesting holiday ad in this issue.

—Holiday goods are advertised by Mrs. M. L. Bisett this week.

—A false alarm of fire brought out the hose company Monday evening.

—The new ad of Holmes & Gilfillan will be interesting to Christmas shoppers.

—The big holiday stock of McCoy's Drug Store is mentioned in their space this week.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany on Monday, Dec. 11, a girl.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Nourse in Keating township on Saturday Dec. 9, a girl.

—Specials for every day during the coming week are advertised by the Lindholm Co. in this issue.

—Miss Rae McCarthy is confined to her room at the family home on East Main street with illness.

—Don't forget the excursion over the Kushequa Route for "Simple Simon Simple," Monday night.

—Christmas groceries and specials for Friday and Saturday are advertised by A. E. Foster & Co. Read what they have to say.

—At St Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

—H. W. Martindale's hotel at Medix Run burned Saturday morning. The loss is about $10,000 and insurance $4,400.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Holiday shoppers should look over the advertisement of Fry & Comes this week. It contains many valuable hints that may be of service to you.

—A small fire in the laundry of the Wright House at 8 o'clock Saturday morning made things lively for a few minutes. The fire was put out without turning in an alarm.

—Mandus Jackson, a former Smethport boy, was recently married to Miss Bertha Clement of Duquesne, Pa. "Jack" has numerous friends and acquaintances in this place who will extend congratulations.

—Miss Julia Caldwell, a soprano singer of Allegany, N. Y., is singing in St. Luke's church. Last Sunday at morning and evening service her solos were well received. The vestry hope to be able to make arrangements to keep her for a few months.

—Mrs. W. O. Herzog entertained the Euchre Club last Thursday evening at her home on Mechanic street. The prizes were awarded as follows: Progressions, Miss Gertrude Walker; lone hand, Miss Rachel Rubin, and visitors', Mrs. S. A. Powell.

—The New York Concert Company appeared before a fair sized audience at the Lyceum last Friday evening. The company was composed of four young ladies and the different numbers on the program received applause. The pianist, Miss Maude A. Hornbrook, was exceptionally good.

—Miss Partridge, who has been nursing at the home of Hon. Byron D. Hamlin for a long time, was stricken with diphtheria on Saturday. The Hamlin home has been quarantined and the patient is doing nicely. It is said that Miss Partridge contracted the disease while visiting in New York.

—Eugene Day of Farmers Valley is suffering from an affliction which has deprived him of the use of his legs. Mr. Day was attending a Grange meeting at Sartmanca when the paralysis of his limbs occurred. He was brought to his home in Farmers Valley last night, and news of his recovery is anxiously awaited by his many friends.

—The body of a drowned man was found below Niagara Falls last Sunday. It is believed to be the body of Eric Anderson of Kane, Pa., who is supposed to have gone over the American falls on the night of Wednesday, Nov. 15, a letter stating it was his intention to commit suicide having been found on the morning of Nov. 16, addressed to his brother, a resident of Kane.

—The National Protective Legion of Smethport is working under very flattering prospects. At I. O. O. F. hall last Monday night the efficient deputy, Mr. Sterling, initiated a class of nine, and seven other other names were proposed and accepted to be initiated later with others now being secured by Mr. Sterling. Refreshments were served and a jolly, social time was enjoyed by all.

—Mrs. Lydia Bennett died at the home of her son, E. C. Strait, in Liberty township last Wednesday of stomach trouble, at the age of 65 years and nine months. Mrs. Bennett had been a resident of Eldred township and besides the son is survived by a daughter, Miss Orpha, and a sister, Mrs. Della Tarka of Everett, Wash. The funeral was held Friday and interment was made at Rixford.

New guns and Winchester ammunition at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

An excellent line of Christmas candles at Brasted's.

Personal Mention.

Miss Rachel Rubin visited in Buffalo this week.

Webb Hopper had business in Olean last Saturday.

Miss Orra Campbell was visiting in Bradford last Saturday.

Miss Ruth Forrest was a Buffalo visitor the first of the week.

Chauffeur Will Avery of Straight was a visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. O. H. Goodsell of Salamanca, N. Y., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Bessie Provin of Bolivar is visiting relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Andrew Campbell has returned from a visit to her daughter in Erie.

Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. H. Colegrove.

Joe Shoemaker came up from Olean Saturday night and passed Sunday with friends in town.

J. B. Eastman and Mrs. J. W. Bouton are in Ceres, called there by the serious illness of their father.

Mrs. Ray E. Button of Rochester spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. C. H. MacVean of King street.

E. C. Strait of Prentiss Vale was a court attendant this week and while in town made this office a pleasant call.

C. C. Choate left Tuesday for Mexico where he has accepted a position on a large plantation in the vicinity of Mexico City.

Janies A. McKean, C. D. Comes and Fred D. Gallup left yesterday for the Kansas oil fields where they contemplate making investments.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Riggall were called to Sistersville, W. Va., on account of the death of Mrs. Riggall's father, Daniel Courtney, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barbor, Mrs. Thos. Camp, Mrs. John Walker and Miss Mabel Camp left yesterday for New Castle to attend the funeral of Roy Barbor.

An Oil Country Novel.

"Oil Wells in the Woods" is the title of a new novel written by John Christopher O'Day, M. D., and dedicated by the author to Dr. Fred W. Winger, present mayor of Bradford. The illustrations are by Miss Ethel Farmer and the book is printed by The Opange Press of Deposit, N. Y.

The MINER is the recipient of a copy sent by the publishers and the writer considers it a good story, faithfully portraying the history of the Pennsylvania oil fields. The story opens at the discovery of oil on Oil Creek, near Oil City, and follows on through the Bradford field, and, in fact, till the "excitement" moved to Ohio. A clever, yet fortunate romance, lends interest to the story and prominent and well-known oil men of this section are often mentioned in the story. All in all it is a good story, well worth reading.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 48 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

WANTED—To appoint resident agts. in McKean county to represent our full line of lightning rods. For full particulars address Hurn & Leatherman, 103 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Maish Comforts of luminated cotton. Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Place to buy Toys and everything beautiful for Men Women and Children is at

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

THE CITY STORE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c — ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

THE Very Best Time Is Now

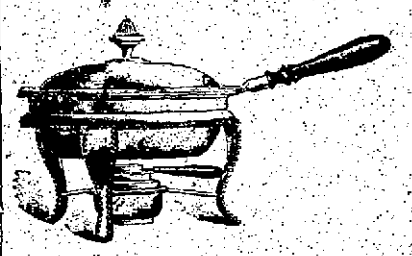
This is the store where the things you want DON'T COST just a little bit more than you'd planned to pay. We have purchased such large quantities of many merchandise that we've been able to get the manufacturers' very lowest prices—and so—you'll find the things you want here, for A GOOD DEAL LESS THAN YOU'VE BEEN USED TO PAYING. That all means that your Christmas list may be made out generously, and that you'll save substantially on every purchase you make. If Santa Claus himself isn't at this store right now, he OUGHT to be, he'd feel quite at home among the great piles of Holiday Things that crowd even the remotest corners of our building. Come—and at once—if you wish to abolish worries and enjoy every minute you spend in planning for Christmas. Read the list of hints that follows—a few from thousands you'll find here.

FOR CHILDREN		FOR WOMEN	
Air Guns	25c to $1.50	Suspenders	25c to 75c
Toys	10c to $6.00	Handkerchiefs	5c to $1.00
Games	5c to $3.75	Gloves	25c to $1.50
Books	5c to 25c		
Toilet Sets	25c to $1.50	Toilet Cases	25c to $4.50
Manicure Sets	25c to 50c	Manicure Sets	25c to $3.50
Mittens	10c to 50c	Handkerchief Boxes	25c to $2.75
Sweaters	50c to $1.50	Glove Boxes	25c to $2.75
Fur Sets	$1.00 to $8.50	Work Boxes	25c to 50c
Wool Boas	50c to $1.25	Mirrors	5c to $4.25
Hdkfs., 3 in box	15c to 25c	Pin Cushions	25c to 50c
FOR MEN		Pin Trays	10c to $1.00
Military Sets	$1.00 to $4.50	Crumb Trays	25c to $1.00
Smoking Sets	25c to $2.50	Fancy China	10c to $2.00
Shaving Sets	50c to $2.75	Bonnet Brushes	25c to $1.00
Shaving Mirrors	25c to $2.25	Silk Shawls	$2.50 to $3.75
Collar & Cuff boxes	25c to $1.25	Fascinators	25c to $1.00
Tobacco Jars	50c to $1.50	Gloves	25c to $2.00
Travelling Cases	50c to $3.75	Neckwear	10c to $3.75
Pipe Racks	25c to $3.50	Hosiery	25c to $2.50
Cigar Cases	25c to $1.00	Handkerchiefs	5c to $1.50
Neckwear	25c to $1.00	Silk Scarfs	$1.00
Mufflers	50c to $2.00	Pictures	10c to $4.50
Umbrellas	50c to $5.50	Furs	$2.50 to $25.50
		Belts	25c to 50c

FRY & COMES.

YOU HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE

There are only a few short days in which to make your Christmas purchases. Don't lose a minute or waste money on senseless things, but come right to us where you know you will save money and get sensible gifts.



GIFTS FOR THE LADIES

Chafing Dishes, Comb Trays, and Scrape, Sewing Trays, Cake and Bread Trays, Coffee and Tea Pots, Bon Bon Dishes, Baking Dishes, Syrup Pitchers, Sugar Bowls, Carpet Sweepers, Wringers, Food Choppers and Silverware.

GIFTS FOR THE MEN

Pocket Knives, Razors, Watches, Shaving Mugs and Brushes, Guns, Revolvers,

GIFTS FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Skates, Sleds, Air Rifles, Express Wagons, Watches, Toy Carpet Sweepers, Toy Wringers, Tool Chests, and a full line of Iron Toys of all kinds, Trains, Banks, Fire Engines, etc.

Don't fail to give us a call before making Xmas purchases.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

...PRILL'S...

A big display of Xmas goods, just the things you are looking for. Never has our stock been more complete than it is this season. Have just received a large invoice of European goods

PRILL'S IS THE PLACE FOR HOLIDAY GOODS

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

The Story of a Story

By CONSTANCE CAMERON

Copyright, 1903, by Rubyn Doughty

"Let's move into the shade," Helen suggested.

Melville thought this a pity, for the sun had been doing its level best—not unsuccessfully—to discover unsuspected tints in her gold brown hair, but, of course, he said nothing, and shifted the garden chair within the shadow of a big acacia.

The girl toyed for a few moments with the two long pins in her fingerless hat. Then she leaned slightly forward and pressed the ends of her fingers together, a pretty little way she had when she was seriously interested.

"What were you writing awhile ago, Tom, when I interrupted and asked you to play tennis? I'm afraid you weren't giving your story a happy ending; you looked so tremendously blue and sad. Do you know, I was thinking of that look of yours all through the game, and"—

"You made some mighty good back-handed strokes across the court, Helen," said he, a bit irrelevantly, picking up her discarded hat and fanning her with it.

"Come, now," the girl said softly, touching him never so lightly on the coat sleeve, "tell me about it, won't you?"

"Well, you see," he answered with a genial smile, "I was a bit perplexed just then when you found me. I've presented my characters a problem—and they can't solve it."

"Ethical?" questioned Helen, pointing a copper colored tennis shoe and gazing at it demurely.

"If ethics is the philosophy of conduct, yes, decidedly it's ethical," returned he promptly. "But don't let's talk shop, please. I'm sure it will bore you."

"What are they like, your characters? And what is it you've given them to solve?" she said cheerily. "Is it so very difficult?"

"The man in the story," he began hesitatingly, fixing his eyes straight on the top of a tall pine tree, "is a pretty decent sort of chap. He has a good name—the descendant of a long line running back a number of generations without getting out of affluence, you know. He has fair ability, energy, ambition and all that, with a position that secures him just about enough money to live on. And the girl in the story"—Melville cleared his throat.

"And the girl?" demanded Helen.

"Well, when they were children the girl and he had played together with mud pies and seesaws in their back gardens. Their mothers had been college chums, you see, but the father of the child in kilts died and left his son nothing but his unblemished name, while the father of the little girl kept on growing daily more and more like Croesus."

"When they grew up did they still care for each other, your boy and your girl?" asked Helen in a low voice. She was giving his recital her keenest attention.

"The man loved the girl," he answered in a voice that seemed inappropriately grave. "He loved her so much—but it's enough for our purpose to say that he loved her."

Helen shot a furtive glance of inquiry at him from under her thick lashes, and her eyes looked like a purple black cloud that has in its heart the forked lightning, but he was gazing down the vista of trees, so she said merely:

"And the girl loved the man?" He started.

"He—he wasn't sure," said Melville. "He was sure she liked him; otherwise—otherwise she wouldn't have spared him so much of her time and been so sweet to him in lots of ways, but"—

"But he didn't know whether she loved him!" cried Helen. "If he was made of big, manly stuff, as somehow I fancied from your description he was, couldn't he have found out easily enough?"

"You see," began Melville, "here was the girl's money. People would think"—But Helen interrupted him with fine scorn:

"So your worthy hero was afraid of 'what people would think.' And so he kept the door of his heart locked tight, and all the time the girl might have been there starving just outside. She might have been, oh, so hungry for him to open to her and bid her to come in. But 'what people would think,' forsooth, had more weight with him than the girl's possible hunger! Pshaw, Tom! A beautiful hero you've made!"

The little wave of color that surged over the delicate, proud purity of Helen's face cut Melville like a knife, so lovely, so near, so far! She had her velvety purple eyes on the distant hills. She seemed fathoms away from him, and he wanted her so keenly.

He looked at her for fully a half minute, finding her good to look at; then a thrush burst out into an exquisite trill just over their heads, and hopped from one branch to another. As it hopped it moved the motley leaves, opening a chasm in the dome of green.

"Oh, look Tom!" Too late now!" she cried, with animation. "You did not look up in time, but it was there a second ago, the sunbeam straight like a finger." You see, having to give you back your copy of Swinburne, I learned a few of the verses I liked best first."

But Melville was in no mood for talking Swinburne, nor any other poet, however great. He looked at his hero's threads where she had dropped it.

"I've got past that point in my story, Helen," he said, "the point where the hero hesitated because he was afraid of the money. I was about to say that he had made up his mind to risk the unfavorable construction people might put on his apparent boldness, but another and far greater difficulty awaited him. That was the ethical problem which was perplexing me and making me hesitate when you found me."

"And, please, what was this new difficulty?" she said naughtily.

"I didn't say it was new—only, the other matter finally having been met squarely, the other reasons why the man hesitated to tell the girl of his love assumed more formidable proportions than ever. 'You see,' Melville went on deliberately, 'here was a girl who, naturally enough, lived the life that was lived by the people of her particular little world. She spent much of her time in ways that were, to the man, hopelessly pointless, vapid and mortally weakening. It hadn't spoiled her, but, for himself he knew he couldn't live that life, not even for her dear sake, and how could he ask her to give it up?"

"Maybe the girl"—Helen began, but Melville hurried on as though fearful that if he were stopped he might not say it:

"'You see, too, he wasn't sure of his ability to mould her. Suppose, even though she were brave and sweet enough to give up the things he couldn't share, that a longing for the old, smart, gay doings from which he had taken her should come barking back little by little? Could any tragedy'"—

"Maybe the girl," interrupted Helen again, "did those vapid, wearisome things because she'd nothing better to do. If he'd asked her and if she loved him, I think the girl would have said"—

"Yes, yes, Helen! What would she have said?" Melville's heart was thumping so loudly that in order that she might not hear it he beat a tattoo on the arm of the garden chair.

Helen seemed to consider an hour. When she answered at last, her voice had a ring of sweet gravity in it, but, somehow, to Melville it seemed very, very far away.

"I believe," she said simply, "that if she loved him really she'd have said, 'The door of your heart is locked, and I'm not sure that any one is at home; but, oh, if any one is, I'd like so much to shut the world out and to come in and stay with you—always.'"

Melville took his hand from his eyes sharply. At that moment he saw Helen as she was.

"Helen, Helen!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "That man was I, and the girl"—

"Yes," she answered tremulously, while her heavy lashes covered the tears in her purple eyes, "I'm—sure—that's what the girl would have said."

Melville placed his hand under her little dimpled chin and looked down closely into the velvety purple depths. What he saw there made him drop on his knees beside her.

"Sweetheart," he said, with brusque emotion, "the door of my heart can never be closed again with you outside. Won't you come in?"

He Let It Drop.

After the battle of Sharpsburg General Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some executing dances, steps, some crying, others singing gay songs or psalm tunes. Early had tried to reduce the ranks to their usual orderly condition, but had not succeeded. Finally up orderly rode up and handed him a dispatch from General Jackson:

Headquarters, Left Wing.

Sir—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division today.

A. S. RENDLETON.

After reading this communication the grim old soldier got a piece of paper and wrote the following reply:

Headquarters, Early's Division.

Captain—In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers today is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully,

J. A. EARLY.

General Jackson let the investigation drop.

The Life of a Salmon.

Salmon never eat during the spawning season. When they pass from salt water into fresh water in search of a nesting place they are very fat, having stored up a food supply for the coming months of struggle, for that is what the spawning season always is. They spend three or four months in fresh water, exploring and fighting over the places they find. Meanwhile, as they do not eat, their alimentary canals seem to wither up from disuse. And when at last the spawning season is over, the actual time, barring nest hunting, being from ten to fourteen days, the fish are so exhausted from the struggle, lack of food and the effort of reproduction that death is inevitable. The life of a salmon is spent in the perpetuation of its kind, but to the credit of each is an average of 5,000 eggs.—New York Herald.

Flowers That Shoot Like Guns.

Birds and insects carry seeds about almost as much as the wind. The rough and hairy coats of quadrupeds often capture the burs of the plants they come in contact with and carry them for thousands of miles. Rivers and all running waters perform a similar use. Multitudes of plants are found growing upon their banks, the seeds of which have been brought by the current from other localities and, being straightway which the water is low, they find at once an anchorage and a suitable place for growth. There are plants, even that pelt and dart out their seeds like shots from toy guns, for the purpose of scattering them. Touchmenots and cyclanthus form quite a miniature artillery when ripe, discharging their little batteries with a vigor that is quite comical.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

TO INCREASE STRENGTH.

Physical Culturists Err, It Is Said, in Neglecting Heavy Exercise.

No question in physical culture has been or is the subject of more bitter controversy than that as to the relative value to health and strength of light and heavy work, writes G. Elliott Flint, author of "Power and Health Through Progressive Exercise," in the New York World. In old times men believed that the harder they worked the stronger they became. Knights wore armor weighing a hundred pounds or more and seemed none the worse for the wear. A marvelous tale is told on an ancient hero who carried an ox on his shoulders for a long distance, then, the strenuous exercise making him hungry, sat down and devoured the entire carcass. Pugilists in that time trained very differently from modern pugilists. They did heavy work, which made them strong, but not quick. Now they do light work, which makes them quick, but not strong. The truth of this last statement will be conceded if the reader will compare the strength of our pugilists with that of our wrestlers and "strong men."

As a matter of fact, ancient athletes went to an extreme in heavy work culture, and this brought out the disadvantages as well as the advantages of their system. A reaction, therefore, set in against the heavy work system, and this, like most reactions, went too far. Today we have firmly intrenched the light work system.

While the extremists of either school are wrong, neither school is wholly wrong. There is something to be said in favor of each. Heavy work develops strength, muscular and organic, thereby also benefiting health. Lighter, quicker work imparts elasticity to the muscles, thus counteracting any stiffening effect from heavy exercise. A combination of the two kinds of work would, then, seem to be desirable.

A distinct advantage that heavy work has of light work is in time saving. If a man performs fairly heavy work for fifteen minutes every day or even but three times a week his muscles and organs, through their inherent adaptability will continue capable of that work—that is, they will remain strong. But if a man persists in light work he must continue it for at least one or two hours every day; otherwise he will get not even a small result. I say "small result" advisedly, for because muscles cannot do what they have not been progressively trained to do muscles and organs only lightly used for no matter how long will not thus be rendered potent for any very vigorous use. If this is the case—and I think it cannot honestly be denied—then light exercise alone is not sufficient as a means of bodily culture.

Heavy work is especially useful as a means to build up strength. Muscles develop through strain, and the greater the strain, provided it be within what the muscles can bear, the more will muscles develop. But putting a hard strain on muscles puts a hard strain on organs, and thus develops also organic strength, whence heavy work builds up health as well as strength. The practical truth of this theory is evidenced by the fact that men who habitually take their exercise in large doses are, as a rule, both healthy and strong.

Light, quick work is useful to counteract any stiffness or slowness resulting from heavy work. It has the advantage of heavy work in that it may be more prolonged, thereby inducing perspiration, and a more thorough aeration of the body. It is excellent to stir into activity all the eliminating organs, which result is extremely important, it being a necessary condition of health that the body be freed from effete matter as quickly as possible.

The Brigands of Asia Minor.

Regarding the brigands of Asia Minor, the London Times says: "The great majority of the brigands are Circassian immigrants from the Caucasus, and travelers are generally safe from attack if they are under the protection of a member of the brotherhood. The original Turkish as well as the Christian population of Anatolia is remarkably peaceable on the whole, and the lawless element is almost entirely composed of muhajirs or Mussulman refugees from lands which were once part of the Ottoman empire, but have now fallen under Christian rule. The Circassians are the greatest sinners and seem to make their living mainly by brigandage and tobacco smuggling. Some of them get engaged as village guards or escorts to travelers and a few even enter the gendarmerie, but only, it would appear, when they are tired of a more adventurous life. As gendarmes they are said to be very efficient, although they are, of course, a little inclined to look the other way when any of their old friends are on business."

Odd Ads.

Of eccentric advertisements the London Chronicle remarks: "Probably to the end of time respectable women will [illegible] though it is hard [illegible] prosperity with [illegible] cheerfulness. [illegible] prepared to [illegible] each of our [illegible] by the [illegible] salesman [illegible] the [illegible] who [illegible]

An [illegible] Parish magazine [illegible] South Pacific [illegible] by post, almost [illegible] Messrs. Smith, naturally [illegible] dentists, Oxford street, London. Established 100 years."

From the London Morning Post: "Irish lady, much reduced income, would be most grateful to lady (connexion medium size) who would give her left off clothes to help her maintain social position; references. Address ——."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. The one a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that is very wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and grind of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Examine it Carefully

you can't help but see the defects. We will put in entire new plumbing or repair the old.

Newest Sanitary Plumbing

like we'd put in might be cheapest in the end. It certainly would insure the health of the family.

Either way.

When it comes to plumbing our work and material is recognized as the best.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUNS RIGHT. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORRIST.

Novelty Restaurant

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Officers Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
City of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. Belaney, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Chas. E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Comm'rs Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Oscar Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. H. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Ball, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles Johnson.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Laura Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagburg, Jas. McKeon, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Hoffman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. F. Knapp, R. Carlson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Olark.
Collector—R. G. Glenson.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—J. C. Cheesebro, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swinson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SIDNEY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth, meetings.

E. W. STROSO, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CHEESEMAN, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PELRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 18, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIMBER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. church.

Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
E. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Methodist—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern.

In effect June 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:05 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:35 a. m.); Dubois (arr. 10:15 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.), St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.), Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:25 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:52 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:55 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:20 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:05 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
O. K. RENWICK, Gen. Pass Agt.

Oudensport & Port Allegany

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv. Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.32	2.32	9.10
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Old June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Cold	7.44	2.49	9.48
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Sein Bulg's	8.01	3.06	10.0.
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudsport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.05	1.25
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

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Chas. Lemmler

Smethport, Pa.

Moonlight Cure

By DONALD ALLEN

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Reuben Fenshaw, farmer, or Uncle Reube, as most folks called him, was harnessing a horse to a light wagon in the barnyard after dinner when his wife, who was fat and good tempered and generally referred to as Aunt Hilda, came out of the kitchen.

"Pa," she said, "are you going to drive into the village this afternoon?"

"Got to go in after a new scythe," he replied.

"Well, I want you to go to Snyder's dry goods store and buy one o' them two dollar hammocks."

"A two dollar hammock!" he exclaimed as he suspended work and stood with open mouth.

"You heard what I said, and I want you to be sure to get it."

"But—but who for? When did we get rich enough to have two dollar hammocks around the house? Strikes me you are going crazy."

"I don't care how it strikes you as long as you bring the hammock back. Here's the money. It's change I've saved out of the butter and egg money."

"But who ever heard of such extravagance? What'll the neighbors say? They even giggle when we take a rocking chair out in the grass after supper."

"Then we'll give 'em their fill of giggling. You be sure to bring that hammock back with you, and if you can't possibly stand it perhaps I'll tell you further news after you come home."

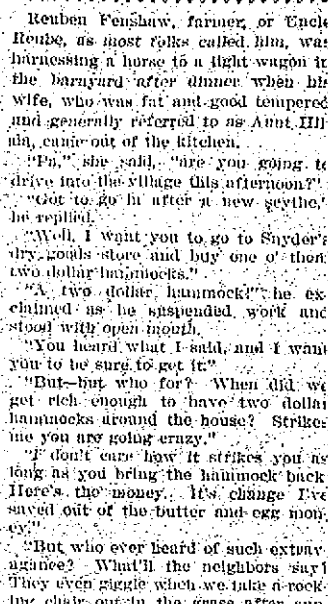
Uncle Reube returned an hour before sundown with his new scythe, and he hadn't forgotten the hammock. He hung the bundle on the veranda.

"Looks to me like the first step to the poorhouse," he said, "but there 'tis."

Under Aunt Hilda's directions he put it up, and when all was ready she took him out behind the smokehouse and said:

"Pa, haven't you noticed anything queer about our Mary lately?"

"I dunno that I have," he replied. "She seems to have lost her appetite."



"SHET UP! NOW HE'S AT THE GATE."

"Is it any one trying to get into the smokehouse?"

"No, of course not. Didn't you hear him whistling? He saw Molly in her hammock as plain as day, but his pride wouldn't let him stop. He even pretended not to look this way. He'll come to it, though."

"What on earth are you gabbing about?"

"Nothing. I'm coming right to bed. I've been sitting up to let my tired feet cool off."

Uncle Reube was too sleepy to ask further questions. On the following night, however, when he awoke again and found Aunt Hilda carefully crawling out of bed, he became too curious to remain silent longer.

"Now, then," he began, wide awake with interest, "if you don't tell me all about it I'll holler right out! There is some mystery going on here, and I'm going to know what it is."

"Well, you are such an old hen fuzzy that I s'pose I've got to tell you. Did you know that Molly and Joe Williams had quarreled?"

"N-o-o. Why, they are engaged."

"That's nothing to do with it. Me and you never quarreled till after we was engaged. Yes, they quarreled about one of them Taylor gals. She went in to cut Molly out."

"Shoo! Come to think of it, Joe hasn't been here in a week."

"Oh, you've just remembered that, have you? No, he hain't been here, and Molly hasn't sent him any word either. She's standing up for her rights."

"Waal?"

"Waal, a woman don't want to carry her rights too far. She's out there in the hammock to give Joe Williams a chance to see and speak to her if he wants to. If he does want to, she'll call him Mr. Williams and be very dignified until she knows he's real sorry."

"Shoo! What critters women are! So that's your moonlight cure?"

"Yes, that's it, but you needn't tell the whole neighborhood. Joe has been past the house these last two nights, and I'm looking for tomorrer night to effect a cure. If he wasn't conscience stricken and yearning to make up he wouldn't be sneaking around as he is. Now, go to sleep."

Uncle Reuben had forgotten all about love and romance, but when the third night came he couldn't sleep. Aunt Hilda tried to bundle him off to bed, but he stuck by the window.

"I want to see this thing out as much as you do, and I won't budge one inch," he declared obstinately.

He didn't, but there was room for two to watch. They went upstairs promptly at 9 o'clock, and at half past 10 Joe Williams' whistle was heard down the road.

"It's what they calls a crisis, hain't it?" whispered Uncle Reube.

"You keep still and never mind about crises. He's whistling 'The Old Folks at Home' because he knows it's Molly's favorite. Now I can see him. Now he's whirling past—but he is looking this way for all he's worth. Now he's gone on."

"And your moonlight cure has failed?"

"Shet up! Now he's coming back. Now he's at the gate. Now he's giggling. Now he's pushed the gate open and is walking right in. Now—now!"—

"Now what?"

"There isn't any more news to it, but if you don't get up in the morning to find Molly singing about the house like she used to then you can giggle around and say there's nothing in the moonlight cure and that a mother fifty-five years old don't know enough to take care of one daughter."

"I—I guess I'll go down and say howdy to Joe," faltered Uncle Reube. "If I don't be may walk off a'g'in."

"I guess you'll do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Aunt Hilda. "Did you put that hammock up strong?"

"It will hold a cow."

"Well, it's holding a young man and a gal by this time, and you be thankful that you hain't got a fool for a wife—something to match you!"

"Yes, you might call it that. She's lost her appetite; she is mum as a stump; she don't sing or whistle. She don't eat enough in a day to keep a chickadee alive. It's got to be a serious case, pa; very serious."

"Shoo! Shall I send for Dr. Dobbins?"

"Not for a few days yet, not till I try my own cure on her. That's what I wanted that hammock for. I'm going to try the moonlight cure on her."

"I never heard of it."

"There's a good many things you never heard of, Pa Fenshaw. It's moonlight nights now, and Mary will sit out in the hammock till midnight, mebbe."

"For how many nights?"

"No telling, but six or seven will make a cure, I hope. If it don't we shall have to try something else. Now, then, don't you go to peeking around like an old hen and asking a lot of questions. Don't say a word to Mary. When you get ready to go to bed o' nights stir your stumps right along and don't tell her that it's time she was in. I know how to work this cure, and I don't want you to spile it."

"I've lived longer'n you have, and I never knew the moonlight to cure anybody yet," he said in sulky tones.

"Then I may learn you something new. Just do as I tell you and I'll have something more to explain bimeby."

That evening the moon rose as big as a barrel and as bright as a new silver dollar, and the old folks went to bed at 9 o'clock and left their twenty-year-old daughter swinging in the hammock in the moonlight in plain view of anybody passing along the highway.

When Uncle Reube retired, his wife was sitting by the open window facing the road. An hour later, when some noise awoke him, she was still sitting there.

"Ma Fenshaw, have you gone crazy?" he asked as he sat up in bed.

"S-s-s-sh!" she replied.

"Shoo! Come to think of it, Joe hasn't been here in a week."

"Oh, you've just remembered that, have you? No, he hain't been here, and Molly hasn't sent him any word either. She's standing up for her rights."

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"It will hold a cow."

"Well, it's holding a young man and a gal by this time, and you be thankful that you hain't got a fool for a wife—something to match you!"

She Assented.

James Wahlron, for several years superintendent of the Albion company's mills, was one day approached by a recently landed daughter of the Emerald Isle, and the following conversation ensued:

"Oi, Misther Wahlron, sor, could ye place, fwve me have a bit av a rise in me pay, a dollar a wake or the loike av that?"

"No, Katie, I couldn't. Don't you know yourself that you're not worth any more than you're getting already?"

"Oi suppose so. But, Misther Wahlron, sor, could ye rise me pay the bit av 75 cents, sor?"

"Couldn't do it, Kate. You're getting all you earn now."

"Oi suppose so. Could ye have me have 50 cents more the wake, Misther Waldron?"

"Not much. The only way for you to get more pay is to earn it."

"Oi suppose so. But, Misther Wahlron"—

"Look here! What do you take me for, a blamed fool?"

"Oi suppose so." And Katie walked away discouraged at last.—Boston Herald.

Mocha Coffee.

The raising of Mocha coffee is done by Arabs out in the mountainous country of Arabia, where no white man has ever been and statisticians and crop forecasters are unknown. There are no extensive plantations out there as we know of them in other places, but each Arab has his own few bushes around his little house and raises enough coffee for his own use and a little for trading for other commodities. It thus becomes a difficult and slow process to collect from hundreds of people enough to load a caravan. The markets of Aden and Hodeida are several hundred miles from where the coffee is grown, and the journey to these markets takes several weeks.

MOUNTAIN CHARLEY'S FEAT.

How He Conquered a Grizzly With His Bare Hands.

Nearly all old Californians, says the author of "Early Days in California," have heard of "Mountain Charley," who lived in the Santa Cruz mountains, where he hunted bear and deer. Of his adventures, many of which were remarkable, there is none stranger than his fight with a grizzly.

One morning he started out with his gun. He had gone but a short distance when he found himself face to face with a grizzly. The bear was sitting on his haunches reaching for acorns when Charley came upon him. The hunter tried to bring his rifle up, but, being at such close quarters, the bear disarmed him by striking the weapon with its paw and knocking it out of his hands. At the same time he embraced Charley.

Both fell to the ground. Being on a hillside, they rolled over and over until they reached the ravine below, when the bear released his hold, yet did not seem inclined to accept the fight.

Charley realized that his only chance was to "whip" the bear by striking him with his fist over the heart. He landed a blow as near the region as possible. He struck first with one fist and then with the other in rapid succession when he found the bear weakening.

By this time they were close to the embankment of the creek. The bear had lost no time in getting in his scratches and blows. It had made one wound over the hunter's forehead and down the cheek to the bone and had torn one of his eyes from the socket. It had also fastened its teeth in the man's left arm and made an ugly wound there.

With a desperate lunge Charley shoved the bear over the embankment into the water. Then, too weak to stand, he fell exhausted upon the ground. The bear was apparently in the same condition. It waded to the opposite bank and lay down.

At last the bear rose to its feet and walked up the stream, frequently stopping and looking back, as if hesitating whether or not to renew the fight. Going in a slow pace, it finally disappeared.

When Mountain Charley thought he could move with safety he crawled to the stream and drank a little water, then washed the blood from his face, brushed the eye back into the socket, and crawled to his home. He was taken to San Jose for medical treatment. The bones of one arm were broken. Several months passed before he recovered the use of it, and he was never quite the same man afterward, but his face was so changed that his friends hardly knew him. Not discouraged by this terrible experience, however, he continued to hunt until game became scarce.

One Thing Lessing Did.

Dr. Max Ring, physician and author, who died some years ago in Berlin, where he was well known in society as a brilliant talker, used to tell how, when a young man in the thirties of the last century, he learned that at Wolfenbüttel was still living Gotthold Ephraim Lessing's housekeeper, for many years, now in extreme old age. He at once undertook a pilgrimage to Wolfenbüttel in the hope of hearing something of interest as to the great poet's daily life and habits. He found the old dame, but she was uncommunicative. He could get nothing out of her. At last he asked: "Did Lessing smoke?" This question seemed to awaken unpleasant memories, for she answered with angry impatience, "He had nothing, he earned nothing, he was good for nothing, but he smoked the whole day long."

To Ebonize Wood.

The wood is immersed for forty-eight hours in a hot, saturated solution of alum and then brushed over several times with a logwood decoction prepared as follows: Boil one part of best logwood with ten parts of water, filter through linen and evaporate at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced to one-half. To every quart of this add from ten to fifteen drops of a saturated solution of indigo, completely neutral. After applying this dye to the wood rub the latter with a saturated and filtered solution of verdigris in hot, concentrated acetic acid, and repeat the operation until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. It must always be remembered when handling chemicals that great care must be taken to protect the hands.

A Queer Carpet.

For some reason the man had been employed to make an inventory of the furniture in the house. He was so long about his task in the parlor, however, that the lady of the mansion went in to see what he was doing. On the floor lay an empty bottle. On the sofa lay the man, sleeping sweetly like a tired child. But the inventory had not been wholly forgotten. At the top of the page stood a solitary, eloquent entry: "One revolving carpet."

Not Her Usual Way.

Mrs. Ferguson (to caller)—I never did like her, and when the impudent thing spoke to me the way she did I was speechless with indignation. I couldn't say a word. Mr. Ferguson (butting in)—That must have happened before we were married.

Explaining It.

Featherstone—How is it, Willie, I was shown into this room? Usually I go into the parlor. Willie—Sister said the clock in this room was half an hour fast.

Marital Maneuvers.

Eben—A husband's place is to command. Flo—And a wife's to countermand!—New York Press.

A little patient pushing is worth a profound lot of puffing.

When Sugar Rose

BY EDITH M. DOANE

Copyright, 1905, by C. H. Sutcliffe

"Don't forget that the matinee is at 2 o'clock—not 2:30. Are you sure you have your ticket?" queried little Mrs. Blake anxiously.

She stood at the top of the porch steps bidding her husband goodby, and her eyes traveled complacently over the well groomed figure standing, hat in hand, on the walk below. "The gray and black in that suit match your hair so well!" she said approvingly.

"According to that, I shall soon have to adopt white flannels," he laughed. "Yes, here is the ticket. Left Center, G 48, Orchestra."

"What? Thought I kissed you goodby," as two children rushed pellmell from the house and threw themselves rapturously upon him. "Here's another, then, for good luck. Goodby everybody; see you at 2 o'clock."

Mrs. Blake followed the good looking figure with wifely approval. Perhaps he would turn around. She half wished he would—Cousin Margaret was so often on the lookout from her house opposite. But no—he had met Mr. Keene and was already talking earnestly as they rounded the corner. Cousin Margaret's husband always looked back and waved his hand all the way down, but then it was a family joke that Cousin Margaret had him so well trained he dared not do otherwise. "I am glad I married a man!" reflected little Mrs. Blake thankfully.

First to the kitchen for a talk with Kate, then to the two stores for the Saturday marketing, so like a lottery drawing to the average suburbanite. "He had fresh peas and new potatoes and spring lamb," said Mrs. Blake, returning with the fine triumph of one who had buried her financial bridge and bought not wisely but too well, but she found Kate impressive.

"Never an egg sint yit, an' me a-waitin' on 'em shmirkly marnin' fer the bakin' of the cake," she muttered belligerently.

The marketing had consumed a good part of the morning. It took still longer to get the grocer on the phone and placate the belligerent Kate, and Mrs. Blake had no even begun to dress when the children emerged from Ellen's hands fairly radiating cleanliness in their crisp white piques that unwilling concession to "a treat" in town.

"Ellen, don't let them get soiled," cried Mrs. Blake agonizingly. "See that they get a rather luncheon and walk on slowly to the station. We must make that 9:01 train."

At a quarter to 12 Thomas Blake, junior partner in the firm of Matthison & Co., sugar brokers, Wall street, consulted his watch, then closed his desk with a quick little snap.

"I think I'll go now, Matthison," he said, glancing in at the door of the adjoining room. "Only fifteen minutes more. Besides, I am due to meet Mrs. Blake and the kids at the Hippodrome at 2 o'clock."

Mr. Matthison, a calm, quiet looking man, looked up from the letters he was signing. "Might just as well," he replied. "Business is as dead as a door nail. We will all get off by 12."

"Mr. Starbuckle wants to see one of the firm," interrupted an office boy laconically.

Blake nodded and entered the telephone booth. In a moment he shot out of the booth and into his partner's office, clever, alert, transformed by the whirl of abundant life that pulsed through his veins at the sudden demand upon it.

"Starbuckle has put up the price of sugar ten points," he announced briefly.

Matthison whirled around in his chair. "The deuce he has!" he ejaculated.

Blake pulled open his desk. "If you have any outside orders get them ready," he said, hurriedly seizing a memorandum, "I'll telephone these down." And he dashed again into the booth.

When he came out the office already reflected the changed condition of the market. The telephones were ringing, clerks busily sorted slips of paper or hurried from desk to desk, and a half dozen messenger boys tumbled up the steps and through the door.

"Got 'em all in?" queried Matthison.

"All but two. He balked at that three car order of Mercer & Swift's. Have to go down with them, I suppose."

"Go ahead. I'll tend to the telegrams."

Every sugar broker in Wall street was on the way to Starbuckle's office.

"That's right, my boy; get 'em all in!" shouted a jovial fat man with a friendly whack at Blake's back. "What keeps you down here, anyway? Supposed you were at the Hippodrome by this time."

Blake laughed. "Thought I'd accept your invitation to sail down the bay instead."

The fat one chuckled.

Once inside Starbuckle's office the little crowd of tense, earnest men paid scant attention to anything but the business at hand—a few words of memorandum hastily jotted down on a scrap of paper, then out again, hurrying along the busy street; back to the office, to the same tense absorption, the same impatient jingle of the telephones, the messenger boys still scrambling up the steps.

Blake placed the slips on Matthison's desk. "All in," he said briefly.

"Good," nodded the older man, and again the tense silence settled upon the room, broken only by the whir of the ticker and the shuffling steps of the messenger boys.

Blake bundled over his last telegram and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. At the same time his partner shouted, "That's the one!" bringing a fist down on the desk with an emphatic thump.

By common impulse the two men rose, and their eyes met in quick satisfaction. In the lull the ticker clicked incessantly above the subdued hum of the clerks' voices.

Blake glanced at his watch. Three o'clock! A sudden vision of a little woman, flanked by two starched and immaculate children, sent him posthaste to the telephone. "The Hippodrome!" he shouted. "Give this message to the lady sitting next to G 48—left center—orchestra—G 48—left center," he repeated. The rest was lost in the returning shuffle of the messenger boys.

Blake returned to his desk and seized the telegram from the first boy. He shot a quick glance at the contents.

"Five hundred barrels—Brooks & Ross—Kansas City," he jotted down and handed the memorandum to a contract clerk.

He tore open the next envelope.

"Three hundred barrels—Holmes & Wilson—Duluth"—

"One thousand barrels—Reed & Nicol's—Milwaukee," and so on through all the long, hot afternoon, while from the room outside, above the hum of voices and clatter of quick steps, came the insistent clicking of the typewriter.

At 7 o'clock Matthison interrupted him. "Blake, what do you say to letting the boys go home and entering up the rest of these contracts ourselves?"

Blake nodded.

It was nearly 4 o'clock Sunday morning when little Mrs. Blake jumped suddenly to her feet and gazed at the familiar library with sleepy, startled eyes. Yes, she remembered now. Tom had telephoned at 8 o'clock and again at 11, and through the telephone she had caught the buzz of voices and thrilled in sympathy with that irresistible force that sends men forth to grapple with the world.

As the little clock struck 4 the first faint twitter of a bird's egh mingled with a man's firm tread swinging briskly up the walk.

She flew to the door to the porch, down the steps to be caught and held tight in eager, inhaling arms. "There is no alarm about that new dining room rug now," he laughed softly.

She glanced apprehensively across the street. What would Cousin Margaret say to a home coming at this unseemly hour? Then she drew herself up proudly and regarded her husband with happy, tender eyes. He was magnificent, she thought, transformed with the exultation of the conqueror. Cousin Margaret could have her hand waving "Parsifal" playing home staying husband. There, heaven, she had married a man!

Women and Mirrors.

German statisticians with no great burden of serious work on their shoulders have been calculating what part of a woman's life is spent in looking at herself in a mirror. She begins, as a rule, at six years. From six to ten she has a daily average of seven minutes. From ten to fifteen she devotes a quarter of an hour to her glass. At twenty she certainly spends thirty minutes daily admiring herself and when past twenty a whole hour. The statisticians are tactful enough not to say when a woman begins to take less interest in her personal appearance, but women more than sixty years old do not, they say, spend more than ten minutes daily at their mirrors. All this time reckoned up—it is a simple sum in multiplication—makes 7,000 hours, or about ten months, at the mirror. They then proceed to compare the time which a man—a German man—devotes to this occupation and come to the conclusion that his average is seven months.

The Breeding Stone.

There was a curious superstition which prevailed in Essex half a century ago. It was believed that certain stones possessed the power of breeding other stones. I remember being taken by a man of the upper laboring class to see a well known breeding stone which lay on the sward by the side of a lane in the parish of South Weald, near Brentwood. It was seemingly a water worn block of sandstone or possibly, I have since thought, of pudding stone, which would explain a great deal.

It was larger than a man's head, with a cup shaped cavity the size of a small orange, in which lay a pebble about as big as an acorn. I was told that this pebble continually grew larger and that if it were removed the breeding stone would begin to breed another. It was evident that the man firmly believed what he told me, and he got quite angry when I ventured to cast a doubt upon the story.—Notes and Queries.

A Daring Deed.

While the mutinous sepoys were attacking General Wheeler's intrenchments at Cawnpur a shot from their batteries blew up the contents of a two wheeled cart loaded with cartridges. It also set fire to the woodwork of the cart, which was standing in the place where the English ammunition was stored. Both the mutineers and the English saw that if the fire was not extinguished there would soon be a most disastrous explosion. The sepoy batteries therefore poured in a deadly stream of round shot to prevent the English from putting out the flames. A young lieutenant, Delaforse, unmoved by the concentrated fire of shot, threw himself under the blazing carriage, tore away the burning wood with his hands and, throwing earth upon the blazing brands, stifled the fire before it could spread to the ammunition. How he escaped the rain of bullets is incomprehensible.

WIDOWS READ LITTLE.

Too Busy Enjoying Themselves to Give Time to Books.

After dinner the woman called on two friends. They were a married couple. They had not been married so very long.

The wife, who was suffering from a slight cold, lay on the couch among the pillows. She had on a red kimono. She was very pretty, with the red to match in her cheeks. In her hands was a book. It happened to be of the same color as her kimono, which was also pretty. Attached to her book was a tiny little electric light, with a shade. The battery lay by her side.

The husband reseated himself at the center table. By his side was an open book with a paper knife keeping the place for him. It was under the reading lamp.

"How long have you been married now?" asked the woman as she took her seat in a big armchair.

"About six months," said they simultaneously.

The woman who had just come from a gay dinner party where she had laughed for two hours with a lot of friends, glanced quickly from one to the other, taking in the books, the lamps, their attitudes of repose, the quiet of the room, the air of having finished with fun altogether.

"I see," said she. "I know how it is. I used to be married. I read then, and read and read. I nearly put my eyes out reading. I read sometimes till 3 o'clock in the morning and after."

"I do that now," smiled the wife.

"Really," went on the woman, "I think there wasn't a book that came out then I didn't read. I devoured them omnivorously."

"And now?" said they.

The woman smiled serenely at them from the recess of her big armchair.

"Now," said she, "I never read a single book that's on the market. I don't know what's come out, and I don't care. I go by bookstands from one year's end to the other and never think of them."

"Why?" asked they.

"I'm no longer married," explained the woman. "I'm no longer vegetate and read and read and vegetate. I live now," she added.—New York Press.

BITS FROM THE AUTHORS.

In the very unfairness of women is often to be found the main source of their fascination. Mrs. Crilgie.

Success in life rests upon one small gift—the secret of the entry into another man's mind to discover what is passing there.—Seton Merriman.

It is the sorrowful and the old who lead the human host in its march toward paradise. Youth and happiness loiter far behind and are satisfied with the earth.—James Lane Allen.

If I were a multimillionaire I would buy the whole of Stratford-on-Avon, pay all its miserable municipal debts and make it the happiest little place in the world.—Miss Marie Corelli.

The modern thirst for novelty and *of women's mysterious rivalry with* men must inevitably in the end unfit people for a wholesome, natural life of study, reflection or repose.—Lady Violet Greville.

Doomed to Bachelorhood.

A little five-year-old was in a dolorous quandary. He had just been told of the approaching nuptials of his Uncle Will, and he suddenly evinced a great interest in the subject of matrimony.

"Mamma," he said after pondering the matter for awhile, "can folks marry their sisters?"

"No," answered she, "they have to marry some one else's sisters."

"Well, can't they marry cousins?" persisted the youthful seeker after knowledge.

"No, not even cousins," said mamma.

"Then what in the world will I do?" wailed he. "Sister Margaret and Cousin Daisy are the only little girls I know."—New York Press.

Dancing Shoes and Periwigs.

An advertisement appears in No. 180 of the Tatler informing the public that a stageconch runs from Nando's coffee house to Mr. Thtoe's dancing school, adding a postscript: "Dancing shoes not exceeding four inches in height in the heels and periwigs not exceeding three feet in length are carried in the coach box gratis." This, of course, was a satire upon the mob caps, conical hats, flowers, feathers and representations in glass of butterflies, caterpillars and even miniature coaches and horses with which the fine lady of the day adorned her head.—London Mail.

Too Much Between.

"How did you like my speech?"

"Well, I—er—the fact is, I"—

"Great Scott, man! Wasn't the introduction well conceived and logical?"

"Yes."

"And wasn't the peroration eloquent?"

"Fine."

"What's the trouble then?"

"They were too far apart."—Cleveland Leader.

That Was All.

Oldun—Then I may take it that you have sympathy for the old soldiers who are starving? Broke—My dear sir, I have nothing but sympathy.—Illustrated Bits.

Evidence.

"Dolly has offered to sing at Ethel's musicale."

"I thought she hated Ethel."

"Well, that proves it, doesn't it?"—Judge.

Tries to Take Things Easy.

"There goes a fellow who likes to take things easily."

"Is that so. Who is he?"

"A pickpocket."

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the news

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MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
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THE MINER and
TRIBUNE FARMER
one year for
$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

VENETIAN FOOTBALL.

How the Game Was Played In Venice Several Centuries Ago.

A book published at Venice in 1555 by Antonio Scaino relates methods of play in a real football that was actually called by the same name. The field "was so large that no one, however strong, could quite throw a stone from one end to the other," and it was about half as wide. Twenty, thirty or forty persons could participate on a side, the number being regulated by the size of the available field. Goals were set up at either end. No one was permitted to strike the ball with the outstretched arm or with anything he might carry in his hand. Nevertheless, he was permitted to "strike the ball with whatever part of his body that he pleased." If the ball came rolling toward him he was allowed to kick it, the inference being that if it were lying still he could not do so. The field was divided by a transverse line "into two equal parts, and in the middle lay the ball. The players were chosen, those who were going to make up the opposing parties, by means of colors, by which in the course of the contest, each one recognized his own side. When the signal was given by the roll of the drum, each one of a determined number advanced forward, one who had been chosen by lot to be the first to kick the ball toward the foe. This action was repeated so that after it was permitted to each one in turn to drive it as victory over the goal. It was perhaps from the method of beginning the game that it was called football."

These Italian games had their origin in the ancient pastimes of the Greeks and Romans, and in reality approach nearer to the modern idea of football than do the beginnings of the game in northern countries. Football is believed by some authorities to have been a portion of the worship of the Celtic sun god, one of the rites attendant on the celebrative ceremonies. Some also hold a strong belief that its original form was introduced into England by the Romans.—Frank P. Meyers in Outing Magazine.

A SERVANT PROBLEM.

Why the Lady of the House Was Ready to Call a Halt.

A lady recently called at the house of a friend, who answered in person the ring at the door. With careworn expression and hurried manner she apologized for the confusion that apparently reigned in the house, saying:

"My parlor maid is upstairs ill—not ill enough to go to the hospital, too ill to work, too far from home to go there, yet needing attention from me. My waitress is having a fit of the sulks, and I have sent her out to do an errand and get some fresh air. The cook is just now not on speaking terms with her husband, the coachman, and is seeking a divorce, so that one or the other must go. The footman came home drunk last night and had to be discharged this morning. My house is at sixes and sevens, my husband lunched downtown, my mother has taken the children and the nursery maid home with her, guests arrive this evening, and I have spent the day in a vain search for help in the house. I belong to a club studying household economies and have allowed it to turn a searchlight on all my household affairs in the interests of society at large. I am now ready to call a halt, to refuse to have my domestic arrangements considered a hunting ground for theorists, to denounce all such clubs vain mockeries, snares and delusions, inventions of the enemy for squandering time and showing the direct contrast between abstract theory and concrete reality. The only club I am interested in must provide on tap maids who never get ill or sulky, cooks without a temper and coachmen and footmen of unimpeachable habits."—Lucy M. Salmon in Atlantic.

The Sunskein.

There are weather prophets and weather prophets, but there is a stone which it is asserted unfailingly foretells changes in the weather. This stone was found in Finland many years ago by a farmer and has been worshiped with great interest by the Russians as the sunskein and [illegible] appearance in the morning and [illegible] afternoon [illegible] a fair day, after the sun is [illegible] weather the skein is [illegible] but when the sun is [illegible] the skein [illegible] black [illegible] a day later.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Smethport Lyceum Monday Evening, Dec. 18

NIXON & ZIMMERMAN OPERA CO.

Present Their Latest Musical Cartoon Extravaganza

SIMPLE

Book by Chas. H. Brown and Otis F. Wood

SIMON

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SIMPLE

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR IN MIRTH AND MELODY TO

Wizard of Oz Babes in Toyland

and the biggest show of them all, combining Spectacular, Extravaganza and Comedy, daintily served by a Coterie of Bright, Blushing Belles

Sixty in the Chorus	2 Ballets 2	EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG CAST—Thomas Springer, Blanche Whitaker and the Simple Simon Double Quartette, Horace Wright, Jerry Sullivan, J. K. Adams, Bertie Dale, Tixie Codey, Jeanette Mills, Thomas Cipple, Wright Loriaer, J. J. Murphy, Louise Garrett, Neil McNeil, Wally Clark, Anna McNabb, Belle Bradbury, May Kilcoyne, J. J. Clark and	2 Quartettes 2	20 Musical Gems

LITTLE RUTH the world's youngest PREMIER DANSEUSE

Seats on Sale Friday Morning at Wells' Drug Store Prices: 50c, 75c $1, and $1.50.

I have a very complete line of

FANCY GROCERIES FOR XMAS.

See my display of

FRUITS
NUTS
CANDIES

HOLLEY

I will be more than pleased to have you come in my store and make your selections.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Report of the Condition

OF THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., OF NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF McKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, NOV. 29, 1905.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 16018 66
Checks and other cash items		971 98
Due from Banks and Bankers		54202 47
Commercial and other paper purchased		311147 78
Call Loans upon Collateral		1000 00
Time Loans upon Collateral		338190 83
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgages		115233 20
Investment securities owned, viz.: Stocks, Bonds, etc.	$105000 00	
Mortgages	4288 17	109167 68
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures		17142 80
Overdrafts		703 70
		935578 06

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		200000 00
Surplus Fund		50000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		10130 15
Deposits, subject to check	$250039 83	
Deposits, special	454148 68	705248 51
		965378 66

State of Pennsylvania, } ss.
County of McKean, }

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of December, 1905.

(Signed) SHERIDAN GORTON, Notary Public.
[Notarial seal]
My commission expires, February 27, 1909.

CORRECT—Attest:
(Signed) HENRY HAMLIN
OREO J. HAMLIN } Directors.
JOHN FORREST

HOLIDAY HINTS FOR "HER" TO "HIM"

Bring your Christmas troubles here to be solved and find your difficulties melt into insignificance.

There'll be no trouble finding here something pretty, something useful, dainty and applicable to the wants and desires of any man or boy. With this stock before you the question of selecting a suitable gift is an easy problem and then we lend our help and advice when it is desired. Another help is our "guarantee to satisfy" and our willingness to change whatever is not pleasing.

We have prepared a little list, merely mentioning articles, not describing them, for the convenience of the shoppers. In the store we have a grand display of the holiday novelties and a trip through will be a genuine education and the suggestions in full view will smooth the way of a troubled mind.

"You Give to Please if You Give These"

Neckwear
4-in-Hands
Tecks
Bows
Strings
Puffs
Ascot
Imperials

Mufflers
Silk
Wool
Padded
Square
Shaped
Dress Shield

Men's Gloves
Full Dress
Fleeced Lined
Fur Lined
Unlined
Mocha
Wool

Ladies' Gloves
Fleeced Lined
Unlined
Undressed
Silk Lined
Fur Top

Suspender
Each Pair in Fancy Box
Silk
Embroidered
Solid Silver Buckles
Gold Plated Buckles

Handkerchiefs
Linen
Linen Initial
Linen, Fancy Border
White Silk
Fancy Silk
Silk Initial

Hosiery
In fancy boxes
Silk
Lisle
Embroidered
Shaw-Knit
Cashmere
Embroidered Wool

Grips and Suit Cases
Alligator
Walrus
Seal
Zebu Grain
English Oxford
Fitted With Toilet Articles
Women's Kit Bag

House Coats
Flannels
Fancy Trimmed
Silks
Wool, self-lined
Soft
Wooly
Comfortable

Bath Robes
Plain
Fluffy
Wool
Fancy
Part Wool
Large Patterns
Neat Designs

Toques
Red
White
Tan
Grey
Angora
Wool
Mixed

Umbrellas
Silk
Gloria
Natural Sticks
Curved Sticks
Folding, for Suit Cases

Scarf Pins
Solid Gold
Gold Plated
Solid Silver
Set With Jewels
Carved in Ivory

Sweaters
All Wool
Buster Brown
Open at Neck
High Neck
Blue
Grey
Red
Fancy Mixed

Condensed List
Night Robes
Pajamas
Flannel Shirts
Madras Shirts
Cheviot Shirts
Dress Shirts
Hats
Caps—Cloth and Fur
Rain Coats
Armlets
Underwear
Fancy Vests
Knit Jackets
Athletic Sweaters
Jersey Jackets
Silk Hats
Opera Hats
Steamer Trunks
Hat Boxes
Overcoats

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 1,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	19,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,389.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,660.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905		

Claims Paid to Date, $28,750.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

IKE SIMONS'

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DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. D. Thompson, now a resident of Cyclone, McKean county, Penn'a., occupation Oil Well Worker, for the transfer of the retail liquor license granted to Sone Landon, May 8, 1905, to sell vinous, spirituous, malt and brewed liquors in quantities not exceeding one quart, at the Landon House, in the Borough of Mount Jewett, McKean County, Penn'a., will be heard by the Honorable Joseph W. Bolton, at chambers, in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, in said county, on Saturday, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m.

JOHN N. APPLE,
Attorney for E. D. Thompson.

Smethport, Pa., December 5, 1905.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

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Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

RAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES MCGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been [illegible] and refurnished. The table and [illegible] constantly supplied with the best market affords. First-class [illegible] respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
Main street, Smethport, Pa.,
Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

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"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

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Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

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